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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 641
THE ISOLATIONISTS 644
TURNING POINT IN FRANCE. By Alexander Werth 645
G.B.S. AND THE NEW STATESMAN. By Bernard Shaw 646
A LONDON DIARY 647
THIS ENGLAND 648
JA! JA! JA! . . . Cartoon by Arthur Wragg . 649
CRISIS IN RURITANIA. By Harold Nockolds . . 650
A LOVE THAT LASTS. By Y. Y. 651
CORRESPONDENCE 652
From P. Kohn and others; Logan Pearsall Smith; Alexander MacEwen; Harry Adams and others; Vilgot Hammerling; J. Herbert Twamley; Godfrey M. Mackie; Sir Charles Strachey; Lady Cynthia Colville; E. E. Kellett.
REFUGEES. By Alan Pryce-Jones 654
NOT ALL THE MULTITUDINOUS SEAS. By A. L. Rowse 655
THE DICTATOR AND THE DOCTOR. By Desmond MacCarthy . . . . . Page 655
PLAYS AND PICTURES 656
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 657
REVIEWS:
Gusto. By Rose Macaulay 658
Brown Fact and Red Phobia. By R. H. S. Crossman 658
New Novels. By V. S. Pritchett 659
The Mystic in the Laboratory. By Frederick Laws 660
D'Annunzio the Golden. By G. W. Stonier . 662
"A Fair Field Full of Folk." By Eileen Power 662
An American Inspects Kenya. By Norman Leys 664
SHORTER NOTICES 666
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 666
CROSSWORD 669
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives 670

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

M. DALADIER has started with an immediate success. He met the Chamber on Tuesday in an atmosphere of anxiety and suspicion, with the attitude of parties both on the Right and the Left highly uncertain, and with the strike movement in the Paris factories gathering strength. The Premier's speech, which took the form of a patriotic appeal, met with an instant response, and resulted in a vote of confidence by the enormous majority of 576 to 5. Even more important was the settlement with the strikers—or at least with those in the Government aircraft factories—that was reached within an hour or two of the Chamber's decision. This settlement (to be followed almost immediately, it is expected, in the privately-owned factories) averts the incalculable dangers that would have resulted from the carrying out of M. Daladier's threat to restore industrial peace by force. The terms of Tuesday's settlement are a 7 per cent. rise in wages and a 45-hour week, but in fact the movement amongst the workers was something more than an ordinary wages and hours dispute. Political feeling runs high, and the old Syndicalist ideology is making way again in the Trade Unions. The betrayal of Spain has accentuated working-class antagonism, not only to the Right, but to M. Blum and other leaders of the Left, and while peace is secured for the moment, it may yet prove to be no more than a truce. M. Daladier's financial proposals are not on the face of them very convincing. They follow M. Blum's in some points, but without the capital levy they are a gamble on the return of refugee capital. The Chamber accepted them cheerfully on Wednesday; he will get the special powers that he demands to try his hand—and then we shall see.

The Chinese Rally

The recent Chinese victory which definitely freed Suchow junction from a formidable Japanese attack has been followed by a whole series of successes in the province of Shantung. Around Yih-Sien the Chinese by an outflanking movement have brought about the retreat of a considerable Japanese force. It is not easy to piece together all the events in the many isolated fields, but the general impression results that the Japanese have rashly scattered their forces, and they lack the men to hold securely even the main railways they had seized, to say nothing of the country between them. Even round Shanghai Chinese guerilla troops are active. In the Diet the nation is warned to prepare for a long war, and reinforcements are being despatched. But the initiative is now nearly everywhere with the Chinese.

Hopes and Fears in Spain

A new note of confidence is audible in the news from the Republican side in Spain. On Saturday Barcelona was astonished to see flying low over the city squadron after squadron of bomber and chaser planes, to the number, it is said, of two hundred. They then dropped a spirited message from the Premier, Dr. Negrin. As the Republic was estimated to have only a hundred planes against Franco's 700 when the March offensive began, the natural inference is that the Russians have again come to the rescue, as they did in November, 1936. It is unfortunate that in the north the Fascists have taken Tremp where the chief source of the hydro-electric supply of Barcelona is situated. The city still has, however, other sources which may suffice with strict rationing. On the other hand, the drive down the Ebro Valley towards Tortosa seems to have halted some twenty miles from the sea, and the road connecting Barcelona with Valencia is still open. The danger now lies farther south in an Italian offensive based on Morella with the little coast-town of Vinarez as its objective. Here the Republicans have scored a success in a counter-attack in this sector. Meanwhile in the House on Monday the Opposition, after marshalling the evidence that Italian planes reached Spain in large numbers during March, contrary to the Duce's undertaking, while the negotiations for an agreement were proceeding in Rome, drew from Mr. Chamberlain a grudging admission of this fact, though he insisted that the position had not been " materially changed " thereby. Is there any Fascist breach of faith that would rouse Downing Street even to the extent of inducing it to tell the truth ?

The Duce's Easter Egg

The draftsmen are now at work, we are told, on the text of the Anglo-Italian pact, and heroic efforts are being made to present Mussolini with his Easter egg before the end of the week. It is understood that the arrangements will only come into force after the withdrawal of the Italian troops from Spain—that is, when Franco is completely victorious. On that point, we learn from a Conservative newspaper, the British Government are " adamant." What a rock of righteousness Mr. Chamberlain is, to be sure ! Meanwhile the British Government have produced the earnest money demanded by the Duce. In an ingeniously—not to say hypocritically —worded Note they have asked the Secretary-General of the League of Nations to put the question of Abyssinia on the agenda of the next Council Meeting. The " situation should be clarified," they think ; which means, in plain words, that all the States-members of the League should be released from their solemn obligation not to recognise the conquest of Abyssinia. This move may be regarded in Downing Street as a sound piece of " Realpolitik." From the standpoint of international justice and decency, it is simply the last chapter in a shameful story of betrayal. The chapter is not quite finished, though ; it is by no means certain that every League State will jump to the British whistle.

Forty-Nine Million Yes-men

As a method of ascertaining the real will of the people last Sunday's plebiscite in Germany and Austria was a colossal joke. For the voters in this country who made the trip from Tilbury to the sea on the *Wilhelm Gustloff* it was no doubt better than a joke ; it was a first-class beano. But that was a small detail. In the whole Reich close on 50,000,000 votes were cast, and 99.08 per cent. said Yes ! to the annexation of Austria. In Austria itself the figures were even more spectacular ; 4,443,208 persons, or 99.73 per cent., voted " yes," and only 11,807 " no." Even the most infatuated Nazi can hardly pretend that ex-President Miklas, and Cardinal Innitzer, and myriads of Austrian Catholics, Democrats, Socialists, Jews and plain men in the street or on the land felt themselves perfectly free and were writing the truth when they wrote " Ja ! " on their papers. As a demonstration of " national unity " this elaborately staged performance doubtless had its value—even though it was largely the result of intimidation and mesmerism. It is, after all, by intimidation and mesmerism that Hitler has established his regime, and counts on marching to further triumphs at home and abroad.

The Führer as Messiah

Of Hitler's present popularity in Germany there can be no question. There is a minority—how large it is impossible to say—that hates him and the mischief he has done and is going on doing. But the majority give him their support, some with enthusiasm, some with cheerful acquiescence, as people, and especially a people like the Germans, will support a successful tyranny that is " delivering the goods," and promising to deliver more. In his speech in Vienna on the eve of the poll the Führer appeared to have mesmerised himself as well as his audience. He presented himself as a Messiah, and made pretty free with God Almighty. " When Herr Schuschnigg broke his word," he cried, " I knew instantaneously that this was the call of Providence . . . and in three days the Lord defeated them." But in truth Hitler is by no means only a religious fanatic ; he is as cunning a calculator as Mussolini himself. Behind the screen of the Nazi ideology shrewd, practical and ruthless minds are at work. The Austrians who have been " saved " are already beginning to learn what salvation means. The concentration camps are filling up ; the roll of suicides—and alleged suicides—is mounting ; the persecution of the Jews is in full swing ; and for the ordinary easy-going Austrian there is the prospect of a thorough German regimentation. As for the Catholic Church, the latest reports do not confirm the hopes which were cherished in some quarters, when Cardinal Innitzer went to Rome last week, of an accommodation between the Reich Government and the Vatican.

Congress Recalcitrant

President Roosevelt appears definitely to have lost control of Congress. Not merely has the Senate killed the Undistributed Profits Tax—a gesture of disapproval towards the President's hostility to Big Business—but the House of Representatives has thrown out the Bill to reform the Executive, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's spokesmen declared that the measure was a " question of confidence." It seems unlikely that the House was really impressed by the Republicans' denunciation of the Bill as a move towards the enthronement of Mr. Roosevelt as dictator. Though the powers of the

President would have been incidentally increased, the question of reorganising the U.S. civil service dates from the days of President Taft. The 108 Democratic mutineers whose votes killed the Bill were out to repeat their tactics in the Supreme Court controversy and vent on the President their disgruntlement at the deepening economic slump. Congress now seems to be in the mood to obstruct every proposal from the White House. Belatedly Mr. Roosevelt is turning to inflation as the way out of the depression. Relief expenditure is to be speeded up, he proposes, from $1,000 millions in twelve months to $1,250 millions in seven; and there is to be a fresh appropriation of $1,500 millions for public work loans. If these proposals are blocked by a recalcitrant Congress, or even if they have to be forced through a barrage of hostile criticism, the "pump-priming" which set business moving again in 1933 may fail this time to restore confidence.

Britannia and Mexico

The twentieth-century Britannia is a temperamental lady. When Japan, on whose "gallant little" arm she once "walked out," destroys her Far Eastern trade and imperils £400 millions of capital invested in China, she accepts the rebuff meekly. Towards the aggressive acts of European dictators who snap their fingers at international law in Abyssinia and Spain she displays an attitude of becoming feminine submissiveness. But when a weak, insecure State, whose respect for the rights of property does not conform to the traditions of Eton, treads on her skirt, she turns virago. The British Note to Mexico cannot, and does not, dispute the right of a sovereign Government to nationalise, with due compensation, any industry within its territories; and Mexican Eagle is to receive compensation for its expropriated oil. None the less, the Note attacks President Cardenas for "harsh and arbitrary" behaviour. The judgment of the Mexican Supreme Court was partial and based on evidence "inadequately considered"; the Mexican Government was influenced by "politics" (why not have said Moscow?) and its action was "tantamount to confiscation" in denial of the principles of justice. Hoity-toity! President Cardenas is replying with a stiff rejoinder; British imperialism is made all the more unpopular in Mexico; the oil shareholders' chances of getting reasonable compensation are impaired. Unless, of course, Mr. Chamberlain proposes to damn the Monroe Doctrine and land an expeditionary force at Tampico!

Fishery Organisation

Subject to the final approval of the House of Lords, one more marketing scheme has been brought into being. The Sea Fish Industry Bill, which has now secured a third reading in the Commons, sets up an independent commission of five members whose task it will be to promote the efficient marketing of white-fish, fix minimum prices, control the charges of commission salesmen and generally endeavour to create co-operation and good will among the members of a trade which begins in the trawler and ends in the fried-fish shop. The fisherman deserves well of the Commission; for at present he is being badly exploited. Though trawling costs—gear, fuel, etc.—are nearly double what they were in 1914, the wholesale price of fish at the quay-side is little above the pre-war level. The trouble—and this is where the consumer will look to the Commission—is that middlemen's and retailers' margins have increased unconscionably. Retail fish prices have risen on the average by over 100 per cent. since 1914, and in consequence demand has not kept pace with trawling supplies augmented by improved methods of collection and transportation from distant waters. Unless fish can be cheapened in the shops, the new marketing scheme will do little ultimate good to the industry.

Rationalising Bacon

Having dealt with fish, the House of Commons turned on Monday to the marketing nexus between the pig and the breakfast-table. The new Bacon Industry Bill proposes to resuscitate from its collapse the system of annual contracts to regulate the supply of pigs. Quantitative control of bacon imports is continued; pig-breeders are to be subsidised in the event of a rise beyond a stated level in the price of feeding-stuffs; and bacon-curers are to draw on the Exchequer for funds to enable them to maintain pig-prices notwithstanding a fall of bacon prices below a specified figure. Up to this point the Bill appears to perpetuate—with still further exactions from the tax payer—the vices of the Development Scheme of 1935. That is, producer and curer are left with the power jointly to maintain high prices, to the detriment of the consumer. The cost of bacon has recently been such as seriously to curtail consumption. Mr. W. S. Morrison, in introducing the Bill, dwelt on the fact that the Development Board to be established, with wide powers to control marketing and to promote the rationalisation of the curing side of the industry, will have five independent members. But these "independents" appointed by the Minister for Agriculture can always be out-voted by the eight members nominated by the producers' Boards.

Congested Holidays

This Easter will give a foretaste of what promises to be an unpleasantly congested summer at every popular holiday resort. Even for those who can afford the time and money, travel abroad this year is subject to increasing political drawbacks. "See Naples and die" begins to sound as if it were meant literally. Cruises still have their devotees, but their novelty has passed and holiday-makers are prone to follow fashion in methods of relaxation. There is little doubt that a larger proportion than usual of the middle class will spend their holidays this summer in Great Britain; and the numbers requiring transport and (in the main) seaside accommodation are being swelled each year by the growth of the system of paid holidays. Three million wage earners—in addition to, say, two million salaried employees—are now entitled under agreements with their employers to an annual holiday with pay, and the extension of paid holidays by legislation is likely to be recommended by the Committee which has just completed a study of the question. In these circumstances it will become increasingly desirable to have industrial and scholastic holidays spread over the four months, June–September, instead of being concentrated intolerably, as at present, in August. Regional differentiation seems the easiest and most promising plan, but the problem is a difficult one to solve by legislation.

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THE ISOLATIONISTS

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is probably right in not expecting a war to come upon us very soon. War nowadays means war in which Britain is involved; the slaughter of people like the Spaniards and Chinese does not count. If the world war is postponed for a little it will be because no great Power, including Germany, wants a war which will involve general destruction when it can get so much by merely corrupting, undermining and overwhelming nations too weak to resist. The Fascist Powers know that in democratic countries there are always people fascinated by their successes and willing to accept their promises if they can arrange to get in on the ground floor. One recalls the story of the Greek States which could not unite amongst themselves and whose internal dissensions gave Philip of Macedon the chance of conquering Greece without meeting serious resistance. He could always, he said, conquer any city through whose gates he could smuggle a mule with a bag of money on its back. Substitute propaganda and blackmail for money and to-day's analogy is apt enough. Dr. Goebbels is therefore probably justified in thinking that this is one of those rare periods in which the map of Europe can be deliberately and, from the German point of view, safely redrawn.

Mr. Chamberlain has decided to accept this as inevitable. There is no reason to accuse him or the National Government of liking Fascism or wanting to help Mussolini and Hitler to conquer Spain. It is enough to know that their policy has had this result and that in the new era of power politics that has followed the failure to make the League a reality, Mr. Chamberlain is reduced to trying to bolster up Mussolini, whose fall we could have viewed with equanimity, and to persuade him to come to terms with us over the partition of the Mediterranean. The calculation is that Mussolini, frightened by Hitler on the Brenner and in grave financial difficulties as the result of two wasting and still unfinished wars, can be prevented from too deep an entrenchment in Spain and, if not made a friend, at least dissuaded from being an active enemy of the British Empire. In that case the Axis will be weakened and the balance of power within the hypothetical Four-Power Pact less heavily weighted against Britain; there is even something more than a gambler's chance that Hitler will prefer expansion in the South and East of Europe before he makes demands on the British Empire. Possibly, the argument runs, Hitler will have got into difficulties or be relatively weaker than he is to-day and Britain in a better position to resist. If it should come off, Mr. Chamberlain's policy means at best a Nazi Europe, an uneasy period of progressive rearmament with the menace of war always over us, and growing reaction here and everywhere else. It is, however, more probable that Germany will grow stronger from conquest and Britain weaker because the allies that she might still have to-day will have withdrawn or have been overwhelmed or even absorbed in the German orbit. In that case Britain will either have to surrender her colonies, if Hitler asks for them, or fight an almost hopeless war to maintain the remnants of her far-flung Empire. How profoundly our strategists to-day wish that it had not been flung quite so far!

There are a few people who seem to like this prospect; among them is Lord Beaverbrook, whose papers are full of cheer for British readers who are daily reassured that the country is prosperous and that it is a peculiarly good moment for buying just those goods that happen to be advertised in the Beaverbrook press. They are not expected to mind about the destruction of the European tradition of culture and of individual liberty. Lord Beaverbrook has himself talked a lot about democracy and liberty, and I believe him sincerely to prefer the democratic system, in which the business of buying and selling is still comparatively unregulated and in which the "small man" is considered valuable, to the Totalitarian State in which everything individual must give way to a myth of collective power and conquest. But he has never thought European civilisation important nor understood why some of us are patriotic about the traditions of Britain—why, for instance, it matters that Britain should maintain its reputation as the champion of oppressed peoples or as the asylum for refugees, whose presence here, incidentally, has so greatly strengthened Britain from an economic as well as from a cultural point of view. Recently Lord Beaverbrook contributed to one of his papers an article on the need for "national service"; it did not occur to him even to consider how putting Britain on a war basis would affect the liberties and happiness of ninety per cent. of ordinary British people; he only regretted that the transformation would involve some inconvenience to investors and some dislocation of the normal course of business.

It is certain that Lord Beaverbrook has never understood the real point and object of the League of Nations—which he still thinks of as an old woman, somehow discovered by President Wilson to entangle Britain and upset British investments. He may be surprised to learn that it was a British invention to enable Britain and France to maintain their empires and their democratic structure without drowning the world in blood and, incidentally, to enable them to make those peaceful concessions, which, if made in time, would have saved us all from the present *impasse*. To-day the greatest of all the problems presented to us by Nazi Germany is the difficulty of resisting without being ourselves infected with the virus of hatred, intolerance and the other vices of totalitarianism. What we fear is that Lord Beaverbrook's exhortations to keep out of war will quickly change to the old propaganda to make us hate and fight the Hun the moment he thinks that German ambitions really menace the British overseas investor. Then I suppose the old chorus will begin again; Lord Beaverbrook, ably supported by Lord Rothermere in the treble, with the *Times* and *Telegraph* thundering behind with the deeper notes, will urge us once again to fight—what are the old phrases?—to save civilisation, or Christianity, or democracy, or to make a just and lasting peace in a world safe for democracy and fit for heroes to live in . . . .

Lord Beaverbrook describes himself as an isolationist; it will be interesting to see how long he remains an isolationist once he sees the almost impossible task of isolated self-defence. Personally I agree with the Member of Parliament who said that it would be suicidal to attempt the task of defending the Empire in isolation, and I have suggested that it is not worth while to risk a world war in order to maintain British investments on the Yangtse or in Egypt or Iraq. Referring to this, Mr. Malcolm Thomson, writing presumably with Lord Beaver-

brook's approval in the *Evening Standard*, describes me as "an acute isolationist." He is mistaken in thinking that I am anxious to give up the British Empire, but I want to be a little realistic about it. Many of us have so little liked the prospect of passing over Britain's inheritance to Hitler that we have done what we could in recent years to explain to Lord Beaverbrook that his policy was making the British Empire indefensible. We have urged that the proper concessions and the proper resistance at the right time could have stopped the present armaments race and prevented Germany from reaching its present stage of triumphant hysteria. But if we are to "take the long view" and let the Nazis roll up the map of Europe, why stop just at the point where Lord Beaverbrook and his friends think that their investments are endangered?

It was the withdrawal of British influence at a time when it could still be used without serious risk of war that enabled Mussolini to make war in Abyssinia and to boast of his Roman Empire in the Mediterranean, and it was the same failure of Britain to stand by her League allies on the Continent that has reduced Europe to the likeness of a field of rabbits pursued by a stoat. (Lord Beaverbrook does not yet see that Spain, the one country which is resisting Germany and Italy, is actually defending British interests as well as its own independence.) To-day, when the *Evening Standard* asks with a pleasant irony "*Who'll fight for Liechtenstein?*" we are entitled to retort with a counter question. No, we do not suggest that anyone should fight for Liechtenstein, but why should we regard that as more absurd or wicked than to plunge the world into the final horrors of a general war for Gibraltar (now a useless rock) or for Malta (which is no longer defensible), or for Hong-Kong (the white population of which ought to be evacuated), or for some African colony where some of Lord Beaverbrook's friends may happen to be doing well on the exploitation of native labour?

KINGSLEY MARTIN

TURNING POINT IN FRANCE

AND so, less than two years after the great election victory of the Front Populaire, France has now what in the past would have been called a *gouvernement de concentration*—that is, a Radical Government with a good sprinkling of Left-Centre and Centre men. Among the Radicals themselves, the preponderance of men who never even pretended to be supporters of the Front Populaire is very noticeable. I mean above all M. Bonnet, the Foreign Minister, and M. Marchandeau, the Minister of Finance. If it had to come, it is better it should have come in this way, and not after the manner of 1934, with grandfather Doumergue coming down from heaven to save France from ruin, civil war, and its Left majority. This time, the Left majority has died tactfully and discreetly, and the death certificate delivered by the National Council of the Socialist Party on Sunday morning is not even quite conclusive: "Symptoms suggest probable death."

The Socialists are not in the Government, nor are the Communists, whom M. Daladier never even approached during his Cabinet-making—even though a month ago he declared that "no Government could afford to have the working class of Paris and the munition workers against it." As for the Socialists, he offered them five posts in the Cabinet, including the Foreign Office for Blum; but they also wanted the Ministry of the Interior, where they would have continued their inquiry into the Cagoulard affair—an inquiry which had lately been showing signs of fizzling out—but Daladier refused. His programme, he said, consisted of some milliards of new inflation (which the Senate had refused M. Blum) to begin with, and plenary powers for six months (which Blum had failed to get even for three months); the feature in his foreign policy which he strongly emphasised was non-intervention in Spain; "undesirable aliens" were to be dealt with roughly—and the Socialists wondered whether this would not be rather hard on political, including Spanish, refugees; and, lastly, while promising a completion of the labour code, only half of which had been passed under the last Chautemps Government, Daladier declared that he would deal firmly with stay-in strikes, that great bogy of the Radicals. How exactly he was going to turn out the strikers he did not say; except that he spoke of "humane" expulsion, and referred to the possibility of requisitioning the occupied works. But, in any case, the Socialists did not care to associate themselves with anything like that; nor did they care for many other features of his policy; and they said "no participation." As for parliamentary support, the Council left that to the discretion of the Socialist deputies themselves. This uncertainty of Socialist support has created an entirely new parliamentary situation; and the Right and Centre have lost no time in telling the Radicals to drop all illusions they may still have about a Left majority. "If you behave well, you may depend on us," M. Flandin, the Centre leader, said in substance. And with Bonnet and Marchandeau in charge of foreign policy and finance, the Government probably *will* behave well. The Right, while refraining from open approval, hope that the Government will become their prisoner. It is at least a good beginning from their point of view; and as much as they could expect in the circumstances. For the openly Fascist methods of 1934 would have been still too risky; they might have produced, even among the Radicals, a sudden revival of the Front Populaire *mystique*.

And yet, I am not sure that in the past month Blum has played his hand well. On the day of the German invasion of Austria he proposed a National Government "from Marin to Thorez." The Right, determined to see the Front Populaire break up (and such a National Government would have saved it), refused Blum's offer, in spite of the extreme gravity of the international situation. As the days went on, the chances of such a National Government, far from increasing, diminished. The Right and Centre had their own calculations; but the behaviour of Blum himself was no longer one of an apostle of National Reconciliation. His Government was too much of a Party Government, almost identical in composition with the Front Populaire Government of June, 1936, but this time with insufficient support in the country—even among the working class, who could never quite forgive Blum his non-intervention policy since August, 1936, the bitter fruits of which were now poisoning the air as never before. The resurgence, on the largest scale since 1936, of the stay-in strikes in the Paris engineering industry, and the outcry in the Right press that "not a single aeroplane engine had been delivered in the last fortnight," created great nervousness, not least among the Radicals.

And then came Blum's plenary powers programme, which would have had the effect of putting France on virtually a war basis. It proclaimed that the time for half-measures was over; that it was no use living any longer from hand to mouth, waiting for salvation in an eventual and doubtful return of confidence, when the 80 milliards of French investments abroad would reinvest themselves in French Government bonds. Even in the best conditions only a relatively small part of the 40 or 50 milliards that the Treasury required every year to cover its deficit could be borrowed; inflation was inevitable, but this inflation could be offset and rendered innocuous if it were accompanied by the creation of new revenue and assets—hence the capital levy and the other fiscal proposals. The plan provided for a substantial measure of exchange control, and included other proposals marking an important step towards planned economy. The suspension for two years of the sinking fund and the revaluation of the gold reserve would have provided a great deal of fresh money.

While the 40-hour week was not officially abandoned, the plan proposed to " modify " it in the case of armaments works, and admitted the principle of longer hours wherever a shortage of labour was experienced. Revolutionary as the Bill looked at first sight, it represented a careful analysis of the economic and financial realities of the French situation, and the first real attempt to take the bull by the horns. It was readily admitted even in quarters hostile to Blum that no future Government could overlook these problems any more, and that it would have to apply at least many of the drastic remedies Blum was proposing. While disagreeing with several of the proposals (particularly with Blum's claim that one could steer a middle course between liberal finance and full-fledged exchange control), even Paul Reynaud admitted that more catastrophic even than the complete adoption of this plan would be to hang on to the present method of just muddling along.

The plan secured a majority, but only a relatively small one, in the Chamber; for the Radicals were hopelessly divided. This encouraged the Senate to deal roughly with Blum, whom they had always regarded as a dangerous revolutionary—though perhaps a revolutionary *malgré lui*, that is, at the mercy of the C.G.T. The Finance Committee, with Caillaux at its head, refused by 25 votes to 6 even to discuss the plan. What was Blum going to do? He could have resigned that night, and said no more about it, in the expectation that the next Government, built up on a wider basis, but with the Socialists holding important posts in it, would have presented to the Senate a plan on much the same lines—and got away with it. Instead, he preferred an open battle with the Senate. If the Senate wished to overthrow him, so much the worse for it. He went before the Senate, treated it to a lot of home truths, and advocated a revision of the constitutional powers of the Senate which, he said, had lately shown a dangerous tendency to consider itself more important than the Chamber itself. But it is doubtful whether he won the battle. The Senate dealt with him very unkindly; Caillaux recalled that a few years ago the Senate had, amid loud cheers from the Socialists, turned out Laval and Tardieu; and he produced the demagogic, but by no means ineffective, charge that the peasantry would suffer most under the capital levy proposal, and that the Socialists were the enemies of the peasants—up till now their best election customers. Customers, in fact, who had in recent years, gone over to them from the Radicals.

By quarrelling finally with the Senate, Blum made the future participation of the Socialists in either a " national " Government or even a " concentration " Government extremely difficult. His attack on the Senate rather suggested that the Socialists were going into opposition. Only, one doubts whether the Senate was a good *terrain de chute*, and whether the Socialist campaign against the Senate can work up much anger or enthusiasm in the country, or even among the working class. The Communists gave Blum little support against the Senate, and the Radicals none at all; and in the Front Populaire demonstration at the Bastille on Sunday the people shouted a lot about " aeroplanes for Spain," but very little about the Senate, apart from a few almost good-natured cries demanding " Bibs for the Senators." And what a poor show it was, compared with the tremendous Front Populaire demonstrations of two and three years ago! Now the people were nearly all Communists; the Socialists were few, and the Radicals almost completely absent.

A well-known Communist deputy said to me the other day: " If Blum had presented his plan to the Senate in June, 1936, they would, gnashing their teeth, still have voted it. Now they know that the Front Populaire has lost all vitality, that Blum, with his Spanish policy, has no proper support even from the working class, and that they will risk nothing by turning him out, and break up the Front Populaire in the process."

And now, what is the Daladier Government going to do, and how will the working class look upon it? If it lasts, the Daladier Government will, in the long run, probably have to depend on the support of a large part of the Centre and Right. " We are quite unprejudiced against this Government, and we shall judge it on its actions," Flandin said. Marchandeau's financial policy will certainly not be a Front Populaire policy; he will no doubt depend on the goodwill of the banks and on a return of " confidence "; and one doubts whether much of Blum's constructive plan will be adopted. Daladier, I am sure, is, above all, concerned about the international situation and about rearmament, and I am sure he has the best intentions. If he formed his Government in such a hurry, it was because he felt that France must not remain without one on the night of the German plebiscite; one never could tell what Hitler might be up to. And yet this hurry is a cause of weakness. The two men of the Centre—Reynaud and Mandel—who could have made it look impressive, have been given second-rate jobs (Justice and Colonies); if Reynaud had gone to the Quai d'Orsay or to the Ministry of Finance (this last job he himself refused, probably unwisely), and Clemenceau's henchman had become Minister of Armaments, it would have looked much better. But all sorts of influences, taking advantage of Daladier's hurry, worked against them. And while the Left supported Paul-Boncour's candidature for the Foreign Office, the Right and Centre vetoed him absolutely. During his short term of office Paul-Boncour had had the impudence to seek a *rapprochement* with Poland and the Little Entente, to talk of mutual assistance in the old Geneva jargon, to advocate a policy *à la* Churchill, and to show a great deal of sympathy (if little else) for the Spanish Government. " *Non, non, jamais de la vie!* " the Right and Centre cried, " We can't have anything so independent and Edenish. We must have somebody who will get on well with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax." And so M. Bonnet got in (though I am not sure that as Finance Minister in the past he was always on the best of terms with Mr. Chamberlain, his opposite number in London).

The working class are suspicious of this Government, and the C.G.T.—to judge from their paper, the *Peuple*—openly hostile. Looking at it internationally, one can well appreciate M. Daladier's—the War Minister's—desire to put an end to stay-in strikes (or any strikes) in the munition and aeroplane works. These strikes contributed greatly to the fall of Blum, who would not deal with them severely, and whose very presence at the head of the Government (his critics said) encouraged the strikes to spread. Will the stay-in strikes die down now that Blum is gone; or will they, on the contrary, spread, under the influence of those who claim that the Daladier Government is " reactionary " and " almost Fascist "? If the strikes spread, and Daladier tries to stop them by coercion —however " humane "—a new, and more than unpleasant, situation may arise. One can only hope that it will not come to that, and that everybody, not least the employers and the workers themselves, will remember the international dangers, and exercise the greatest restraint.

Paris, April 11th. ALEXANDER WERTH

G.B.S. AND THE NEW STATESMAN

[The first issue of the *New Statesman* appeared on April 12, 1913, exactly twenty-five years ago. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who was closely associated with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in the foundation of the paper, sends us these characteristic recollections of the period.]

WHEN the *New Statesman* was founded in 1913 as an organ of Fabian Socialism nobody in the Fabian Society or in the Labour Movement had ever given a moment's attention to European foreign policy. One might say that foreign policy had never been mentioned in the Fabian Movement were it not that the South African war had crashed into this vacuum in 1898, and, after producing a pro-Boer secession which included Ramsay MacDonald, forced the Fabian old gang, of which I was a member, to pontificate on the subject of Fabianism and the Empire. But South Africa did not then count in the Balance of Power game which the Power diplomatists were playing in Europe; and when the war was over the reaction

from it was so violent that in the general election of 1906 almost anybody could get into Parliament by shaking his fists at the Tory Government which the war had kept in power for thirteen years. The Lib.-Lab. majority being obviously quite ignorant and indifferent in diplomatic matters, three Imperialists, Haldane, Asquith and Grey, were thrown quite thoughtlessly into the Cabinet to conciliate militarist opinion. Haldane knew German and Germany; he also knew about the Labour Movement, being, as a Scot, able to see England objectively and even, within his limits, philosophically; so he told the Germans that Germany was his spiritual home and reorganised the army. Asquith could not bring himself to take any interest in the Empire, though as a Liberal sufficiently up to date to admit that Cobden's recipe for world peace had to compromise with the dreams of Cecil Rhodes, he passed as an Imperialist. He left the Foreign Office to Grey.

Grey was an appalling calamity. He was a pleasant fellow and a keen naturalist and fisherman; but on any other subject he was incapable of telling the truth because he was incapable of apprehending it, and therefore enjoyed the reputation of being in veracity a modern George Washington and in character a perfect English gentleman, which indeed he was in the most disastrous sense. European foreigners he regarded simply as people who must not be allowed to build fleets as big as the British fleet; and Asiatics were governable only by terror inspired by atrocities which it was the business of the Foreign Office to defend. He began in 1906 with the Denshawai horror, which in any civilised country should have put him out of office for ever. In England, preoccupied with Labour politics, which had at last ousted the Irish question in Parliament, Denshawai would have passed unnoticed if I had not, in the manner of Voltaire, made a row about it which led to the release of all the survivors, and left an impression that it had all been settled in the most good-natured British way. Later on the Russians imposed on Grey a partition of Persia, celebrated with picturesque atrocities; but it passed unnoticed.

The end of it was that Grey, with his instinctive feeling that we must fight Germany to stop her from building battleships, landed us in what Dean Inge called a foolish and unnecessary war, though Providence finally took a hand in it and, in spite of the warning of Lord Lansdowne to his party to stop it, used it as a broom to sweep out the obsolete empires which had seemed immovable four years earlier.

Now the Great War, as it was called, crashed into the Fabianised Labour world just as the South African war had done. In articles published eighteen months and again a year before, I had urged diplomatic scheme to avoid it; but nobody took the least notice. When the catastrophe came I fled to Torquay with all the available documents, and wrote my "Common Sense About the War," which the *New Statesman* published, to its eternal honour, as a supplement. The sale reached 75,000 copies; and the supplement, very surprisingly, had a good press.

The truth of the matter was that nobody as yet understood enough about the war to know exactly what to say about it. People who thought that the word Junker meant a German sergeant, with his pouch full of eyes gouged out of Belgian women and children and wounded British soldiers, were shocked when I explained that Sir Edward Grey was a typical Junker; but that did not hurt me, and the *New Statesman* allowed me a free hand in the controversies that followed. But though the war was so horrible then that the expectation of life at the front in Flanders had dwindled to six weeks, and our troops were fighting without ammunition, our batteries having come down to one shell a day whilst the Germans were raining high explosives on us, the public simply could not take it in, and twaddled patriotically about our gallant fellows in the trenches as if the affair were the latest Hollywood film.

Suddenly something occurred which was within public comprehension. A German submarine sank the *Lusitania*. That brought the horrors of war home to us as the slaughter of thousands of soldiers in the trenches had failed to do. Saloon passengers had been drowned! The strongest-headed Englishmen lost their heads at once, including the then editor of the *New Statesman*. I could not ask him to go on with my cold-blooded contributions. I never offered him one again, though our personal relations remained quite friendly. By the time the war was over and everybody agreed with my Common Sense and my Peace Conference Hints (totally disregarded at the Foreign Office) I had lost the habit of writing for the *New Statesman*; and being a creature of routine I never resumed it.

And that was how the German submarine commander fired me out of the paper which began by being the natural organ of my pontifications as a Fabian leader. G. B. S.

A LONDON DIARY

THE National Council for Civil Liberties has done an important public service in publishing *The Strange Case of Major Vernon*. It is so remarkable a document, so surprising and significant a warning of the frailty of British justice, that I shall not say much about it except that everyone who is interested in preserving elementary principles of freedom should read it. It costs threepence and can be purchased from the National Council's offices at Morley House, 320 Regent Street, London, W.1. It is an objective summary showing how Authority treated the four men, one a blackshirt, who broke into Major Vernon's home and took away his papers and books, his telescope, cutlery and other articles, and how it treated Major Vernon himself, who was fined for technical breaches of the Official Secrets Act and then dismissed from the Civil Service without an opportunity of clearing himself of serious allegations which the magistrates had permitted to be made unchecked in open court. The four men who broke into Major Vernon's house were treated as heroes and bound over; Major Vernon's career was broken nominally because he had kept for his own use notes of facts and figures which he was entitled to use for his work, but not, strictly speaking, to have in his house. It is difficult to avoid the deduction that the real reason for Major Vernon's dismissal was dislike of his "Left" sympathies. (Though the fact makes no difference to the principle involved, it is worth while to point out that Major Vernon is not, and never was, a Communist. He had "Left" books and pamphlets and did work for the Labour Party.) But the oddest part of the story, is the conduct of the magistrates in the trial of the four men who were arrested in possession of Major Vernon's property. Every sort of innuendo was permitted against him, the rules of evidence were curiously disregarded and the patriotic motives of the thieves taken for granted. I have read sedition trials during the panic of the Napoleonic wars that contain cross-examinations rather like that of Major Vernon before the Surrey Quarter Sessions in September, 1937; but in the old days it was, after all, the prisoner who was being tried for his alleged "Red" activities, while on this occasion Major Vernon was a witness in a case in which men were being tried for stealing his property!

* * *

A friend who was in Austria when Hitler's aeroplanes and troops arrived sends me some observations which show the mixture of motives going to make up a 99 per cent. vote in the plebiscite. "During the first days of the Nazi triumph," he writes, "one could not fail to be struck by the dominant part played by adolescents. The great torchlight processions I witnessed seemed almost entirely composed of boys and girls under twenty and a large proportion of them seemed scarcely older than sixteen. Conversations with people from the proletarian districts confirmed this impression, that among the working classes the only real support the Nazis had was among the very young; memories of the days of Social-Democratic rule are too strong among older people for them to greet the Nazis with anything but misgiving, however concealed it may be. The Viennese indeed look back on the days of Burgomaster

Seitz as a golden age, and I talked with several people who said: 'The Nazis may say what they like, but the great blocks of workers' flats the Reds built us can't be argued away.' The Nazi authorities seem to be well aware of this; it is significant that one of the first things that the new Nazi Burgomaster of Vienna, Dr. Neubacher, did was to visit the remaining slum spots and promise that new housing schemes would at once be started after the elections. He also ordered the remaining members of the famous Floridsdorf fire-brigade that made history—under their leader Weissl—in February, 1934, to be reinstated, as a gesture to 'German brothers who also fought heroically against the corrupt regime Adolf Hitler has overthrown, however misled they were by Jewish-Marxist traitors.' How far this attitude will survive the plebiscite, remains to be seen; the politically mature workers for their part having noted in silence that their Trade Unions have been finally suppressed and their leaders arrested, seem likely to accept all they are given, and remain, under the 'safety-pin' swastika badge, very much as they were. I was surprised to find how frequently I met, in working-class circles, the same line of thought that was prevalent in Berlin in 1933—that it was a good thing the Nazis had come to power, because it was the first step towards Communism, which must win in the end. . . ."

* * *

Last Sunday *Reynolds* had the bright idea of publishing the maps which Mr. Lloyd George took with him on his recent visit to interview political leaders and officials in Paris. Brilliantly coloured in green and red, they are an arresting and disturbing spectacle. They show the growth of Italian influence and possessions so that the Mediterranean looks like an Italian lake, they show the "encirclement" of France with Fascism in the larger part of Spain and in the Balearics, and the threat to British trade routes with the Germans and Italians in control of the Canaries, of Spanish Morocco (opposite Gibraltar) and of Rio de Oro (on the North African Atlantic coast). They also show the colossal growth of armaments expenditure and the almost equally surprising shrinking of world trade. Thus graphically shown, the effect is staggering. I can see several morals possible. That the democratic Powers ought to get together to defend what they can is one moral; another is that the failure of the Powers that were victorious in the last war to use the League to stop Mussolini in 1935, and to make concessions while they could to a democratic Germany were among the greatest tragedies in history. It will also occur to some people that war followed by a coercive peace treaty is the least efficient horror conceivable. For it was to prevent just this kind of expansion that the last war was fought.

* * *

I referred last week to a new organisation called the British Democratic Party and said: "I hear that behind this body stands our old friend, the notorious Economic League." I now hear from Mr. Baker White, the Director of the Economic League, that I was wrongly informed. I am glad to quote his letter which, incidentally, explains how the two bodies were connected in the mind of my informant. He writes:

> I am directed by my Council to inform you that the assertion that the Economic League is behind or in any way associated with the British Democratic Party is completely and absolutely without foundation. Mr. John Brown, who I believe is the founder of this Party, has on a few occasions acted as a speaker for us in the Manchester area. He was not a member of the permanent staff of the League or even of its temporary, part-time staff. He was employed to carry out specific engagements to speak on a subject with which he was conversant, namely, Russia. Mr. Brown told me of the Party he was forming, and it was made a very strict condition that he should not mention it directly or indirectly at the meetings he was addressing for us in Manchester. He faithfully adhered to this condition. When Mr. Brown informed me that he was founding this new Party I expressed interest, but made it perfectly clear that the Economic League could have no possible connection with it.

* * *

The Letter of an Old Bolshevik, which is now published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin (2s.), is described as "a key to the Moscow Trials." I remember thinking it the most interesting of all contributions to this controversy when I first read it in a bulletin of the Labour and Socialist International. How far it is a true interpretation I do not pretend to know. I take it to be a genuine and sincere document, written by a Communist who has lived through the revolution and all the trials and successes that have followed it. It does not deal with the details of any of the trials, but describes the pivotal events that occurred before and after the murder of Kirov. In brief the story that Old Bolshevik tells is as follows: Kirov was the leader of the party which wished to ease the policy of repression and to persuade Stalin that it had become safe and desirable to show a much greater degree of tolerance to the old Opposition leaders and to relax the restrictions on art, literature and on moderate criticism among scientists and intellectuals. In this he was supported by Gorki, who had at this time the ear of Stalin. Kirov had become second only to Stalin in popularity and influence and for a time succeeded in checking the activities of the G.P.U. in Leningrad, where its chief, Yesif became his bitter enemy. Kirov was murdered on the eve of his transfer to a still more influential position in Moscow and his place there taken by one of his keenest rivals. Two investigations followed his murder: the first, which was hushed up, was an inquiry into the reasons why Kirov had been left so curiously unguarded, and Old Bolshevik clearly has little doubt that he was killed with the connivance of the G.P.U. The second—and really irrelevant inquiry—was into the activities of the Oppositionists who had been allowed by Kirov their new measure of freedom. This inquiry, which was carried out with all the thoroughness of which the G.P.U. is capable, was used to turn every mild criticism into proof of treason and to include in its net everyone conceivably regarded as an Oppositionist, not only in Leningrad, but also in Moscow. Stalin, who had been half persuaded to a more liberal policy by Kirov and Gorki, now became convinced that the Opposition was dangerous and irreconcilable and must be completely wiped out. He would no longer listen to Gorki and gave the G.P.U. a free hand to extirpate all those whom they could show in any way to have become critics of his policy. From this beginning the rest is a logical sequence.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Sylvia Sinnott.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

After describing his investigations into various aspects of national life, Mr. Nichols concludes that we are a nation without a hero, and he writes sympathetically of Sir Oswald Mosley and his movement. But he rejects anti-Semitism, and declares that "the fact that Mosley has been forced by his enemies into a position where he must be either anti-Semitic or perish" is one of the major tragedies of our time.—Review of *News of England*.

When Arthur Balfour launched his scheme for peopling Palestine with Jewish immigrants, I am credibly informed that he did not know that there were Arabs in the country.—Dean Inge in the *Evening Standard*.

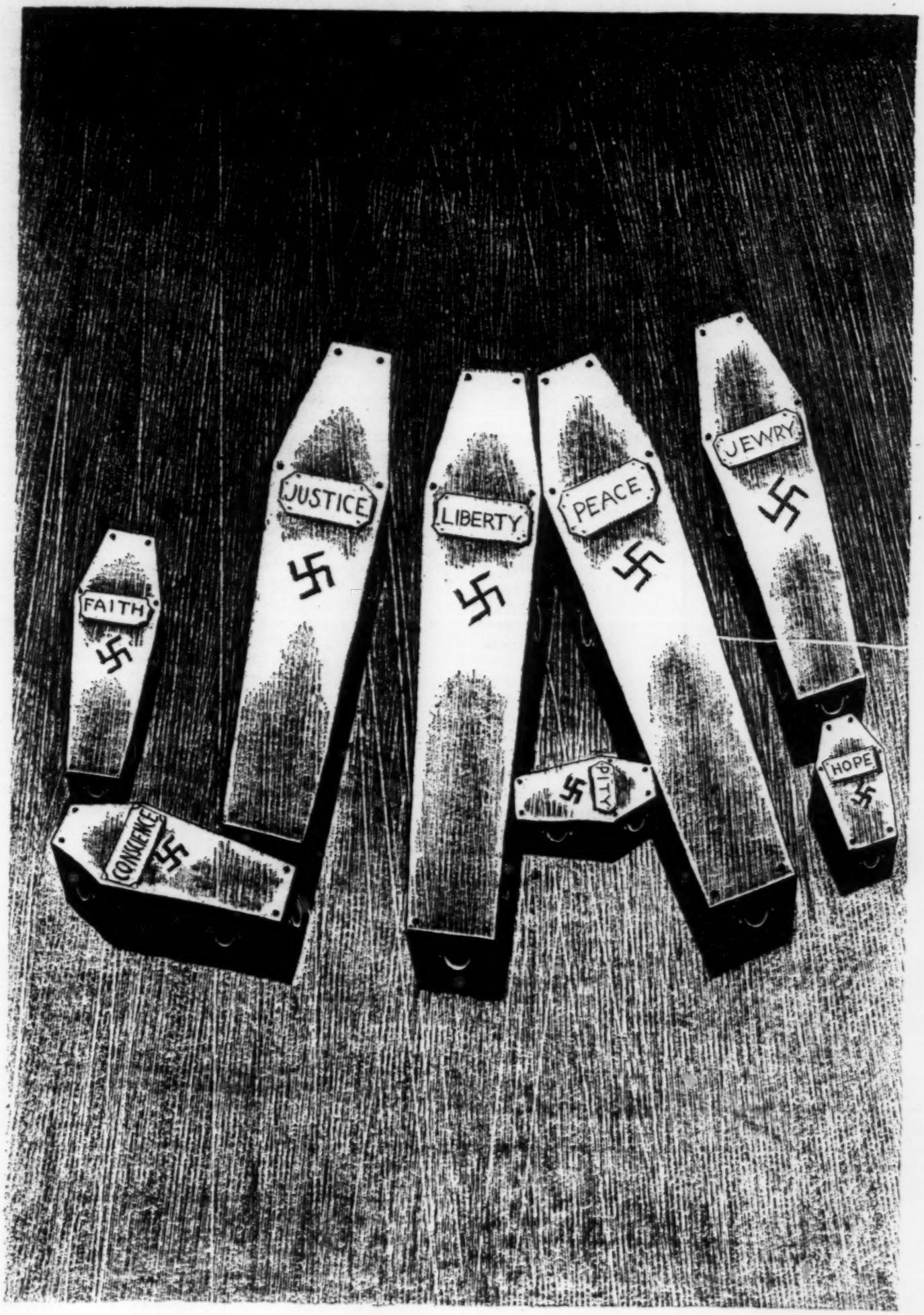
The 200 inhabitants of Ebernoe village, Sussex, did not lose any sleep last night—they refused to recognise summer-time.

To comply with the law the church clock will be put on an hour by Ephraim Holden, the sexton, but clocks in the homes stay at the old time.

Ephraim's brother Walter said: "We go by the same time year in and year out, and we do not intend to change our ways.

"But we shall meet our milk customers half-way by milking cows half-an-hour earlier than usual."—*Sunday Dispatch*.

Fitness campaign is in full swing at Bellmead Kennels, Haslemere 452, Surrey, and dogs are entering into it whole-heartedly. Don't let yours miss this or he will be the dull dog.—Advert. in the *Times*.



JA! JA! JA! . . .

ARTHUR WRAGG

CRISIS IN RURITANIA

SANDWICHED between the borders of Austria and Switzerland, overlooked in the turmoil of events which are rocking the world, the little twelve-miles-by-five Principality of Liechtenstein is still—to-day—an independent state. It has its own constitution and parliament. Up to the year 1868 it formed part of the German Confederation. Before that it was in the Rhine Confederation, and earlier still it was under the Holy Roman Empire. Its 11,500 inhabitants are largely German in origin and speech, and now Hitler's conquest of Austria has brought Germany to its frontier.

What stops Hitler from drawing this Germanic morsel into the Reich?

The answer—and the potential danger—lies in the fact that Liechtenstein, while retaining its full independence, is included in the Swiss Customs Union, uses Swiss currency, and has its postal and telegraph services operated by Switzerland. But these links with Switzerland have only existed since 1921. Before then they were administered by Austria, and to this day—or perhaps one should say yesterday—the Prince and Princess of Liechtenstein reside and hold their court at a palace in Vienna. No wonder Liechtenstein is watching Hitler with very much the same feelings as a mouse regards a cat!

Liechtenstein has little to offer in the way of material assets. Its area is only 65 square miles, and Vaduz, its capital, has only 1,100 inhabitants—the same number as the village of Bisley in Surrey. The country contains no valuable minerals. Its interests are mostly agricultural, with a few small manufactures of cotton, leather and pottery. But it possesses one strong attraction for the predatory instincts of Nazi Germany.

When the scourge of anti-Semitism was unleashed in Germany by the Hitler regime, many wealthy German Jews found sanctuary in Liechtenstein, which by virtue of its freedom from extradition agreements with other countries has always been a haven of refuge for exiles of all nationalities and descriptions.

Since then these Jews have been joined by others of their persecuted race, and a colony of attractive villas has sprung up along the hillside overlooking the chief villages of Vaduz and Schaan. The realisation that German troops are within a mile or two of their homes has struck terror into the hearts of these people, who had thought that at last they were safe from Nazi oppression.

They recall with horror the fate of the Rotter brothers in 1933. Alfred and Fritz Rotter were Berlin Jews, owners of the biggest circuit of theatres in Europe. Seeing the red light of the pogrom looming inevitably ahead, they secretly arranged to become naturalised citizens of Liechtenstein. With Alfred's wife, the two brothers suddenly fled from Berlin, leaving their affairs in disorder. A price was promptly put on their heads. A group of seven Austrian youths, living just across the border at Feldkirch, actuated partly from Nazi sympathies and partly from a desire to win the reward, plotted to abduct the brothers and hand them over to the German authorities.

They enlisted the services of a Liechtenstein hotel-keeper, who invited the Rotters to look round his hotel on the mountainside at Gaflei, with the idea that they should make their home there. He called for them at Vaduz in his car, and on a lonely stretch of the steep climb he pulled up. The seven youths appeared from their hiding place behind some rocks, carrying firearms and bombs. Alfred Rotter and his wife managed to get out of the car and ran blindly to the side of the road. They jumped over a low wall—and fell hundreds of feet to their deaths at the bottom of a precipice.

Fritz Rotter was more fortunate. He ran for his life up the road, but was caught by the hotel-keeper and dragged back to the car. Guarded by the youths, he was driven down the hill again towards the Austrian frontier. Approaching the village he made a supreme effort and succeeded in jumping out of the car. He was seriously injured, but managed to crawl to a house and safety. Meanwhile the plotters, in a panic, escaped into Austria.

The hotel-keeper was arrested on his return, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. It was in harmony with the bizarre character of Liechtenstein that, being a keen musician, he was permitted to have his piano moved into the prison!

Apart from victims of anti-Semitism, Liechtenstein is a haven for all sorts of exiles. At this very moment a notorious New York beer-baron, wanted by G-men for tax evasion, is endeavouring to become a naturalised citizen of the principality. This business of naturalisation is a profitable one for the Government—and for the lawyers. It is estimated that the cost is anything up to 20,000 Swiss francs, or roughly £1,000.

Liechtenstein derives its revenue in many unusual ways, sometimes in cash and sometimes in kind. A few years ago, for example, it was the home of a world-wide sweepstake on the English horse-racing classics, run by English interests. In return for the concession, the sweepstake concern maintained the roads of the country in good condition. Other activities bring in hard cash; for instance, the extensive registration of holding companies for the purposes of tax evasion by companies in other countries. A steady source of revenue is the frequent issuing of postage stamps, vast quantities of which are bought by dealers all over the world. A stamp museum has recently been opened in Vaduz.

Although Liechtenstein has no regular air routes or even an aerodrome, there are in existence a number of Liechtenstein air-mail stamps. Collectors will be interested to know that these stamps never actually flew, although they travelled for a short distance in an aeroplane.

This is what happened. A machine was hired especially for the occasion, and a suitable landing field selected. The day was a big one in Liechtenstein history, and a crowd assembled to see the machine take off for Zurich. The Prince's Lieutenant in Vaduz was to fly in the machine with his wife, to give an official touch to the proceedings. The letters were stamped with a special air-mail stamp, put in a mail bag and stowed in the aeroplane. The propellor was swung, hands were waved in farewell, and the machine gathered speed across the field. The next moment it struck a deep gulley, bounded into the air, and overturned. Fortunately, no one was seriously injured, but as the letters were day-stamped it was decided to send them to Zurich by car.

Should Hitler decide to invade Liechtenstein, there will be no army to oppose him. The army was disbanded in 1868, and the soldier's uniforms can be still seen at Vaduz Castle, hung in a long row on a wall. There are 91 of them, and there is an amusing tale told of that odd soldier.

Long ago, so the story runs, two neighbouring countries were at war, and they dragged Liechtenstein into their quarrel. The Liechtenstein army, 90 strong, was sent up into the mountains to defend the threatened frontier. After a year or so, during which they saw no other troops at all, they returned to Vaduz to find out whether the war was still on. The roll was called, and to their amazement, 91 men answered—probably the first and only time an army has returned from a war bigger than when it set out.

What is to happen to this fantastic little Ruritania? There seems no place for it in modern times, and yet its economic soundness is proved by its having no public debt. In spite of its insignificant size, it is important in German eyes for several reasons: it presents a golden opportunity of getting even with the wealthy German Jews living there, who eluded the grasp of the Gestapo; and it is historically closer to Germany and Austria than to its present patron, Switzerland.

The outlook is complicated by the fact of the Prince and Princess having their court in Vienna—an admission of its affinity with Austria, or the Austrian *Land* of the German Reich. Confiscation of their palace, which contains a priceless art collection, would no doubt be accepted by the Prince and Princess of Liechtenstein and their subjects as a tragedy to be

faced with equanimity. But confiscation of their principality would result in vigorous protests, if not actual armed resistance, on the part of Switzerland.

Liechtenstein is faced with a crisis which the world is too busy to worry about. HAROLD NOCKOLDS

A LOVE THAT LASTS

IT is difficult to be sure what one loved first as a chid. As one looks back, the world of infancy seems full of beautiful things, each of them loved to distraction—egg-cosies, bed-knobs, horses (toy and real), ships (toy and real), cousins, hens, pigs, swallows, silver spoons used as mirrors, prismatic glass ornaments on the mantelpiece, gaily coloured transfers, the sea, rivers, tiny waterfalls, puddles in the road, butterflies, bread-and-butter-and-jam, cakes, sweets, lump sugar, bridges with trains pounding across them overhead, shops, sunbeams with the dust dancing in them in the nursery, uncles and aunts, gooseberries in the garden, sardines, picture-books, rain trickling down the window-pane, snow, the moon, men smoking, men shaving, women knitting and crocheting—if I doubled the length of the catalogue, I should not even then have named half the things that had won my heart before I was ten years old.

I wonder, however, whether I loved any of these things more than I loved money. I cannot remember a time when I did not feel the happier for the possession of a coin. Even a penny gave wings to my heels and sped me on the way to the small sweet-shop where Paradise could be had, poured into a twist of paper. Nor was a halfpenny itself to be despised, for in those days dates as well as sweets could be bought by the halfpennyworth—by the farthingworth, too, if my memory is to be trusted. I liked coins, however, it seems to me, even apart from what they could buy. A French ten-centime piece I should have loved for its own sake. To feel a coin in one's palm was to be conscious of a magical influence. Not that the value of the coin was a matter of no moment. If a stranger had given me a penny instead of a two-shilling piece, he would have fallen in my esteem, and I should have missed that satisfying thrill that the passing of money from one hand to another should give. All the best strangers I knew, relations and others, gave two-shilling pieces, and by doing so implanted in me at an early age a love of my kind. Even at the present day, when I fall into a pessimistic mood about the human race, I have only to recall those donations of my childhood in order to recover my conviction that men and women are in many respects human.

You might conclude that so passionate a coin-lover as I was a predestined saver of money. The only way to save money, however, was to hide it in a moneybox, and the only place I cared to have money was in my hand or in my pocket. Money in my moneybox seemed to me to be no more really mine than money in anybody else's moneybox. It was impossible to get at it except secretly with a chisel. It was like having a beautiful picture which one was never allowed to see except through a keyhole. Yet, if one keeps money in one's pocket, the unfortunate truth is that, however much one loves it, one cannot keep it long. In the pocket a two-shilling piece is as restless as a skylark in a cage. One can almost feel it fluttering as one approaches a shop-window. Its instinct for freedom, for escape, are like the instinct of a migrating bird in spring. "Let me out," it seems to plead; "I'm suffocating here." And I have a notion that, even against his own will, the will-to-escape of a coin in the pocket often compels a child to walk in the direction of a shop and to give it its liberty.

Those who save money are often accused of loving money; but, in my opinion, those who love money most are those who spend it. To them money is not merely a list of dead figures in a bank-book. It is an animate thing, spasmodically restless like the birds in a wood, taking wings to itself, as the poet has said. Money, to the man who enjoys spending, is the perfect companion—a companion all the dearer because it never outstays its welcome. It is responsive to his every mood. While in his pocket, it gives him serene confidence so that, even when a guest in a restaurant shows an unexpected preference for the most expensive dishes and drinks, he is as undismayed as the just man in Horace. He can go anywhere in the world, holding his head up. He can come through a black day at Ascot with a heavenly smile. He can also indulge those fine passions—greed, vanity and ostentation—to his heart's content; and, be he the merest wastrel who has never by his own exertions earned a penny in his life, he yet has a magic about him that makes him superior, and feel superior, to the vast majority of his fellows. I have long been convinced that carrying a well-filled note-case on the person has an even more invigorating effect than wearing an iodine locket. The iodine locket affects only the body: the full note-case affects body, mind and soul, exhilarating all three to such a point that even a fool with money in his pocket would not change places with Socrates.

It is a wise instinct, then, in the child that makes its eyes brighten at the touch of money. Here, at least amid all its fleeting affections, is something that can be loved as ardently at the age of eighty as at eight. Of how many of the things that we loved in the nursery can this be said. The enthusiastic jam-eater of six grows into the dyspeptic jam-avoider of sixty. Present an octogenarian with a rocking-horse on his birthday, and he will think you have gone mad. It no longer gives me pleasure, even, to see my face reflected in a spoon, to blow soap-bubbles, or to try to put salt on the tail of a swallow. Egg-cosies are to me now mere utilities, not profoundly moving works of art. I no longer run to railway-bridges in order to experience the rapture of hearing trains thundering over my head. Even feeding hens has lost its attractiveness, and I can now watch a man shaving and feel no stirrings of awe and wonder as I watch. Age, alas, has blotted out half that world of passionate delight in which I once lived, and to many of the things I once loved I have grown indifferent. The love of money, however, fortunately remains. So much do I love it that I feel almost a different person when I have money in my pocket and when I have none. Let me have but money, and, for the time being, I am back among the ardent attachments and illusions of the nursery.

From all this, I am inclined to conclude that the love of money is a form of infantilism. The man who loves money is a man who has never grown up. He has never passed from the world of fairy-tales into the world of philosophy (for philosophy, which is the wisdom of the grown man in contrast to the wonder of the child, is as contemptuous of money as it is of jam, sweets, and bed-knobs). Money, according to the philosophers, is simply dross, filthy lucre, an impediment rather than an aid to true happiness. Those who retain the nursery imagination throughout life, however, cannot be persuaded of this. Money they regard as the loveliest gift ever bestowed on a mortal by the wand of a fairy godmother. They are like boys dreaming of a Treasure Island; and their money-bags become almost as dear to them as—sometimes, dearer than—their country.

We have had a remarkable example of this infantile love of money in recent times in the common practice of tax-evasion. Abraham was readier to sacrifice his first-born son than many men rich enough to pay heavy surtax are to sacrifice their darling money to the needs of their country. They are patriotic, but they do not see why they should be mulcted for their patriotism while there are millions of people who have so little money that they obviously never loved it and so can part with it without feeling a wrench. Lord Hugh Cecil has shocked many people by his apology for tax-evasion in the *Times*, but surely every one with a glimmer of imagination must realise that the tax-dodger is simply a grown-up child who avoids paying taxation, not because he loves his country less, but because he loves his money more. Love of money, I fancy, is an emotion that appears earlier in the human being than patriotism, and probably remains even a stronger passion in the infantile adult. Obviously there is nothing cold or

calculating about this desire of the tax-dodger to keep his money out of the hands of the tax-collector. If he possessed an adult mind, he would realise that he was risking the security of his money by withholding £50,000,000 a year from the fund out of which the cost of the defences of his country has to be paid in these menacing years. He would also know that in the present world the rich man, if he is wise, will pay insurance against revolution as he pays insurance against fire and burglary, and that if he refuses to pay those increasing taxes which are the only insurance against revolution, he will in all probability be ultimately left without enough money even to pay the fees to an accountant for helping him to avoid taxation. If we may judge from his conduct, he is still in a state of primal innocence, devoted to money, blowing soap-bubbles at the base of a rumbling volcano. In some ways I think he is to be envied. He may be blindly dooming himself and his children, but at least he has found something to love with a love that lasts and even grows stronger with the years. No one loves jam like that, or pancakes, or bull's-eyes. The love of money alone enables us in a very real sense to live till the end of our lives in the Golden Age. Y. Y.

Correspondence

A.R.P.

SIR,—Among the proposals of your correspondent last week for realistic air-raid precautions which demand organisation before the event is the evacuation of children from dangerous, but as yet unbombed, areas. He suggests that this would be best arranged in small groups each under the supervision of a woman teacher.

At this school we have had a scheme under way for some time. We intend almost immediately to take a small house in the country, for the rent of which a group of parents are undertaking responsibility. Until or unless the bombers come it will be used for occasional week-end and holiday purposes, but will be equipped for accommodating all the children associated with the group in case of necessity.

To make such arrangements for an infinitesimal proportion of London's bourgeois children will not be a particularly glorious achievement. Private enterprise will find it difficult to do more than make arrangements for a limited number of such small groups—children of those either sufficiently well-off not to notice, or sufficiently aware of the possibilities to set aside, one or two shillings a week as insurance against an event which *may* never happen.

But for those who are not content to wait any longer for A.R.P. to come to earth this seems the only possibility. If anyone can suggest anything better let them suggest it. Meanwhile we can extend our group up to thirty: local residents—the bus services may not be too good in the event of an air-raid.

Any parents elsewhere in London who feel that some such precaution is called for could be put in touch with others in their district if they would—pending the appearance of a better organisation—send their names and addresses here.

Lyndale School,
67 Eton Avenue,
N.W.3.

P. KOHN
BETTINA HIRSCH
H. D. WILLCOCK

WHAT TO DO WITH THE JEWS

SIR,—It seems to be generally admitted that those who are now governing the world are completely unfitted for the task; that our civilisation is rapidly disintegrating, and that we are confronted by two horrors, Nazism and Communism, of which it would be difficult to say which presents the more ghastly prospect.

The first symptom of this disintegration is almost everywhere in persecution of the Jews. But what purpose is gained by beating and banning the most intelligent, most cultivated and cosmopolitan race of Europe? The Jews are lovers of the countries in which they are born, and too few to attempt the conquest of any other, and their territorial claims are so minute as to be ridiculous. They are not lovers of bloodshed or propagandists of any religion; without their patronage painting and music would collapse in almost every city of Europe and America; they are the best doctors and scientists in the world, and three of them, Marx, Freud and Einstein, have made the most brilliant contributions to modern thought. Europe also derives its religion from them since the Virgin Mary and almost all the apostles were Jews. Like the rest of us they have their faults, and are supposed to be fonder of money than we are. But a twentieth part of what we are now spending on armaments would satisfy them, and leave enough over to transport, say to Central Australia, those who don't like them, with an ample supply of bombs with which to exterminate each other.

The Greeks committed suicide by their internecine hatreds. Why should we, their Aryan inheritors, commit the same error? We maintain that we possess what the Greeks did not, a revelation from Heaven, in which God plainly declares that he has chosen the Jews to govern the world; and we are universally taught that one of them did actually save it. I don't happen to believe this, and I haven't a drop of Jewish blood in my veins. But I should like to see Jews like the late Lord Reading, or like Monsieur Blum, govern the world, and I think they might possibly save it. For the Jews do love civilisation and the liberty of which it is the flower, and I happen to love them too.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

CARBIDE AND THE HIGHLANDS

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is not usually on the side of landlordism, but the rejection of the Caledonian Power Bill for the third time is the triumph of those very forces which have reduced the Highlands to their present condition of emptying glens and a workless and despairing population. The Bill was killed, not by argument in the House of Commons, but by intrigue in the Carlton Club. The traditional occupations of the Highlands—crofting and fishing—no longer offer a livelihood, and the alternative is between a vanishing race and some form of industrial development. If self-determination had any meaning the result would have been completely different. The County Council of Inverness, and the Burgh Council of Fort William, the local authorities mainly concerned, were almost unanimously in favour of the scheme. The vote of the Scottish M.P.s was 45 to 18 in favour. The opponents were the landlords and sporting interests, sentimental Englishmen who value scenery more than human lives, and those Socialists who either hoped to get the industry to a "distressed" area, or on general principles desired national control of our water power resources. The statement that the scheme "would have devastated over 300 square miles of lovely country" is a wild exaggeration, and the further statement that it would have damaged seriously the livelihood of 150 Moray Firth salmon-net fishermen is simply ludicrous. The Highlands are not scheduled as a "Distressed Area," but in point of fact their economic prospects are just as hopeless. Engineers apparently differ as to the effects of the scheme on the flow of the River Ness, which was the main ground of the opposition of the Town of Inverness, but no one can doubt that if the town had any just grounds of apprehension these could have been removed by protective clauses, to be adjusted in committee, providing for adequate compensation water. While most people would welcome national control of water power development, this must be made applicable to the whole country and not used as an excuse for holding up a necessary industrial development. Apart from employment the County would have obtained the solid benefits of electric light and power at cost price for the inhabitants in the area of supply, and an addition to the rateable valuation of £30,000 a year urgently required for social services.

Kessock House,
Kessock, Ross-shire.

ALEXANDER MACEWEN

AID FOR SPAIN

SIR,—The action of the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Engineering Union in calling on all its members to give work to make things for Spain, has given new hope and vigour to the Anti-Fascist movement. But if the movement is to succeed, *everyone*, and not only the engineers, must play their part. For that reason we ask help of each of your readers.

First, support the engineers. And, secondly, help them to help Spain. But how? There are two ways and both should be immediately forwarded by patriotic individuals. First: the engineers must not be isolated, or allowed to feel isolated. We hope, therefore, that *every* political and Trade Union body and even individuals will emphatically and quickly express their full support of the engineers and will not hesitate to see that their point of view is conveyed to the Union both nationally to its

Headquarters at 110, Peckham Road, S.E., and to local Branches, and, not least, also to the Labour Party.

The second form of help can be equally rapid. A year ago this organisation put forward what are, we believe, the only proposals suggested hitherto for giving material help to Spain on an effective scale. Voluntary Industrial Aid for Spain by voluntary labour is already making heavy motor-bicycle sidecar ambulances, which are of particular value in towns during air raids when streets are filled with rubble. Two are now en route for Barcelona. Seventeen are in production. We made the mattresses on which many of the Basque children are now sleeping—at half the lowest wholesale price. This, of course, is only the twentieth century equivalent of the cottage industry.

But to be effective we proposed that workers should give a certain amount of "Special Extra Time for Spain" at their usual place of employment, without pay—(the Paris Metallurgical workers have offered an *hour* a day)—on condition that the employers should hand over for Spain goods to the value of the wages they would have paid. There are, too, other methods. But the main asset of the labour movement is not its money but its labour. If, therefore, means such as these can be found whereby say 100,000 workers—responding, perhaps, to appeals such as the A.E.U. have issued—are enabled to convert their skill and energy directly into goods for Spain, on, say, one evening a week, the value of the goods would amount to about £1,000,000 a year.

Our proposals are not dogmatic. Adaptation to each factory will be necessary. But we invite from your readers who are employers or works managers the investment of necessary time, energy and intellectual initiative to discuss with us whether there are not methods whereby it can be made applicable to their works.

The employer obtains his normal commercial profit. The investment of trouble, open-mindedness and initiative is his contribution. There may, perhaps, be some employers, intellectually of a somewhat sluggish disposition who, nevertheless, side with the anti-Chamberlain movement. In such cases, a certain moral stimulation might, we think, be called for from your readers and other democrats. All individuals and organisations should exert their influence. Everyone is a customer. Some are shareholders, and some number manufacturers and works managers among their friends and acquaintances.

Finally, we appeal for funds with which to carry on our work. We need money not only for our ambulances, but to continue to put our proposals to the Unions and the public. To circularise say 300,000 to 400,000 members of a Union is an expensive job. There are many Unions with which we should like to have the same happy relations as we have with the A.E.U. We hope that all will help us, particularly the well-to-do; and, where possible, give regularly. The task before our organisation is heavy, the opportunities exceptional, the need urgent. All our work is voluntary; nothing has been paid in wages or salaries.

HARRY ADAMS: Chairman
(Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers)
GEOFFREY PYKE:
Hon. Secretary
JOE SCOTT: Treasurer (A.E.U.)

DRINK IN SWEDEN

SIR,—It may be that the Swedish regulations for the sale of alcoholic liquors are too complicated to be penetrated even by a social investigator in the course of a short visit to the country. But surely Mr. Raymond Postgate, writing on a journey to Sweden in your last number, is rather too obviously lacking in penetration. Apart from the fact that the liquid so much disliked by Mr. Postgate, and by him suspected of being made of woodpulp, is just the stuff that the Swedes ask for, restrictions or no restrictions, there really is not such an amount of juggling and circumventing as he seems to suggest. The whole system works nowadays without much friction, but it may admittedly strike a visitor as somewhat inhospitable.

In one respect it must even be said to work extremely well. That is in regard to wine. As the largest single buyer in the market, the Swedish Monopoly Company can put its demands on quality very high—and so it does. At least, buying a bottle of wine in Sweden you know that you get exactly what is stated on the label. I seem to know of countries where you do not always feel that you have that security. Mr. Postgate must have been very unlucky indeed. I can only wish him better luck next time.

VILGOT HAMMARLING
Swedish Legation in London,
27 Portland Place, W.1.

FLOGGING

SIR,—Governors, other prison officials and prisoners who have received corporal punishment have been amongst the 72 witnesses examined by the Departmental Committee whose report, recommending the abandonment of birching and flogging, was published recently. Those—surely an interested and informative body—who have suffered intense agony—mental as well as physical—through the attacks of personal violence, have not so far as I am aware been called as witnesses. Why not? From a responsible morning newspaper of a few years ago I extracted the following, typical of many cases of violence:

"The prosecutor was struck a severe blow on the head. Then they rolled down 3 flights of stairs together. He found himself losing consciousness, with the man, aged 22 by the way, choking him. The man wore a mask. A constable flashed his light into the shop and the burglar dragged the prosecutor behind the counter, threatening to kill him if he made a sound."

Sentence 4 years penal servitude and 12 strokes with the cat-o'-nine-tails. If corporal punishment is abandoned, how is it proposed to deal with a case such as the one I have mentioned?

J. HERBERT TWAMLEY,
Hon. Treasurer,
Beds. D.P.A.S.
Bedfordshire Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society,
H.M. Prison, Bedford.

[Our correspondent had better read the Committee's report. The question is not whether violent people exist, but whether flogging cures them or deters others. An overwhelming body of evidence shows that it is not an effective deterrent.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PASTEURISATION

SIR,—In his article, "The Doctors Start Advertising," Dr. Harry Roberts seems to be dangerously optimistic about pasteurisation. Admittedly he says that it may be agreed that pasteurisation represents a policy of second-best, but he also says "As some people seem still to suppose that pasteurisation is a commercially impracticable scientific procedure, it may be well to point out that, even at present, 90 per cent. of the milk sold in London is pasteurised. . . ." This figure applies, no doubt, to the milk designated pasteurised, but it is doubtful whether it refers to the milk efficiently pasteurised. The following appeared in the *Times* some two years ago:

> During the year the Institute examined 270 samples of designated pasteurised milk by the phosphatase test. Thirty-seven per cent. were found to give a positive result indicating either that the milk had not been sufficiently heated or that there had been an admixture of unheated milk. Ninety of these samples were from milk supplied to schoolchildren and 47 per cent. gave a positive result. The report states that, "a disturbingly high proportion of pasteurising plants both in London and elsewhere are producing improperly pasteurised milk, although the properly designed and operated plants regularly provide a product that has been correctly heated.

Pasteurisation is an exact scientific process and, from these figures, it would seem unlikely that, commercially, it would ever be carried out efficiently enough to avoid the obvious danger of lulling the public to a feeling of false security. If emphasis is laid on pasteurisation it will almost certainly be removed from clean production, and there is a danger in this because, after time has been spent and capital invested in pursuing the policy of second best, it may become impracticable to proceed to a policy of the best.

I welcome Dr. Roberts' reiteration of two of the facts about milk which should be widely known—that it is a vital and a dangerous food—but he does not mention the third equally important fact—that with the exception of fish it is the most expensive food. In large urban areas, where milk is handled in bulk, it seems possible to pasteurise without raising the cost appreciably, but in rural areas, where plants that may be expected to be worked efficiently must necessarily be few and far between, pasteurisation will add considerably to the costs.

Another great drawback to pasteurisation is that whereas it has been shown that it can be carried out "without," in Dr. Roberts' words, "measurable diminution in nutritive value other than a slight reduction in Vitamin C content" which "can easily be made good by adding a very little orange juice to the daily dietary," it has not been proved that it can be carried out without rendering the milk unpalatable to a great many people who need every encouragement to drink more of it.

If the term unsafe may be used to refer to milk that receives its infection from the cow, and contaminated milk to that which receives it during handling, it is with contaminated milk that

supporters of pasteurisation may claim to have the only completely reliable solution. But this, as I hope I have shown, is only true theoretically, and if mechanisation is encouraged under a campaign for clean milk production and at the same time the system of inspection and bacteriological tests is more actively applied, the risk of infection due to contamination could be reduced to a greater extent than it could be by a policy of haphazard production and hit-and-miss pasteurisation. GODFREY M. MACKIE

Dartington, South Devon.

NEWS FROM ABYSSINIA

SIR,—Mr. Robert Dell, in your issue of April 9th, says of the present situation in Abyssinia: "Most of the facts are unknown in any country, for there are now few, if any, newspaper correspondents in Abyssinia and no correspondent would be allowed by the Italian authorities to publish accurate reports." This is no doubt true; but can Mr. Dell, or any other authority on the subject, inform us why the same silence is maintained at Jibuti, where the Italians have no control? As the terminus of the railway to Addis Ababa—which is stated to be "frequently cut"—and in a French possession presumably not particularly favourable to the present regime, it would seem to be an admirable place of residence for a correspondent anxious to obtain and impart the "accurate reports" which are unobtainable from the adjoining territory. Yet we get no more news from Jibuti than we get from Addis Ababa. Here is a mystery that should be cleared up.

Union Club. CHARLES STRACHEY

THE TOYNBEE THEATRE

SIR,—Through Mr. W. J. Turner's generous notices in your columns of our effort to help Dr. J. J. Mallon to provide funds for the equipment of the new theatre at Toynbee Hall and the establishment of a School of Music and Drama in the East End, many friends of Toynbee have responded to the suggestion that they might become "sponsors" for articles required in the equipment. Alice Lady Waddilove has kindly guaranteed the provision of many of the electric lamps necessary and has also provided for 50 sq. yards of carpet. An "Old Age Pensioner" has sent us 1*s.* for 4 sq. feet of scenic canvas; other friends have become "sponsors" for chairs at 2 *gns.* each and Lord Wakefield has kindly sent us 50 *gns.*

May I through your columns express the hope that others sympathetic with the social and cultural work of Toynbee Hall may also like to help us?

May I further be permitted to draw your attention to our all-star matinée at the Cambridge Theatre on May 11th, at which H.M. Queen Mary has graciously consented to be present, the first purchaser of tickets for which being, oddly enough, Mr. Robert Toynbee?

I shall be happy to send information to anyone desiring it.

32 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. CYNTHIA COLVILLE
Chairman of Committee.

HISTORICALLY PARALLEL?

SIR,—Historical parallels are rarely exact, but they are sometimes instructive. I would trespass on your space to remind your readers of an event two thousand years old, which yet has its bearing on present-day affairs.

Sparta and Athens had been at war for ten years, and both sides were heartily weary of it. A peace was therefore arranged, the basis of which was to be the surrender, by each party, of conquests made or other advantages gained since the opening of hostilities.

By the decision of the lot it fell to Sparta to make the first moves: she did in fact half-heartedly attempt to surrender the places she had captured, but was "unable" to do so. Nevertheless, the Athenians, so eager were they for peace, gave up their supreme advantage—the Spartan prisoners whom they held as hostages. From that moment there was no inducement for the Spartans to fulfil their pledges.

Grote's comment is as follows: "There was no one to expose the futility of the Spartan assurances, or to enforce the lesson of obvious prudence, Wait, as you are entitled to wait, until the Spartans have performed the onerous part of their bargain, before you perform the onerous part of yours."

Within a few years the war broke out again, and ended in the destruction of the Athenian Empire.

It is noteworthy that the men who carried through this one-sided agreement were the leaders of what to-day would be called the Tory Party. E. E. KELLETT

National Liberal Club.

Miscellany

REFUGEES

SEVENTEEN years ago even, the readers of Schiller still looked upon the Marquis Posa as an amiable windbag. The magic of groaning provinces and a despotic heel evidently loses its galvanism when the groans are in Iraqi or stifled Croat. Evidently, too, the average Englishman must have hated or feared the oppressor for generations before he can achieve any vivid sympathy with the oppressed. Seventeen years ago, the Western nations were Liberal and democratic almost as a matter of course. An exile meant a Russian taxi-driver. But the following year, on October 2nd, 1922, all that changed. The exile became a hero again; by now a terrified audience is clapping the speeches of Posa in a Berlin theatre:

> Und furchtbar blüht durch Künste unsers Landes Britannien.

The Italians at least have exile in the blood; and it is ironical to note that in successive steps towards the new Roman Empire it is regularly the Patriot class which incurs the penalties. Mazzini is as much in exile to-day as in 1848; and I do not see Santa Rosa, Ugo Foscolo, or any of Miss Wicks's* patriots except in the Lipari Islands. As for Garibaldi, he is clearly marked down to be Governor of Libya.

The figures which emerge from these pages are not, however, particularly attractive. Foscolo behaved like a crook; Panizzi, according to Charles Fox, like a rhinoceros. Perhaps the best of them was Santa Rosa, whose letters to Mrs. Austin, hitherto only published in part, are the most endearing part of a toughish book.

> Let, let foolish people open a large yawning when they must remain at home one whole day. I pity them, almost I despise. I know a countryman of mine, gentle and pretty creature who one day tell so to his friend: "Alas! I give handsome presents to people who will be able to learn me to use the twenty-four hours of every day." Shocking!

Centenary-hounds may catch at the fact that in the autumn of 1822 he was writing:

> O Italy! O my unhappy mother! It appears that a cruel destiny have told to Italians so: "Either vile; either distressful; Let make the choice."

The exiles fall into three groups. That of Panizzi centres on Holland House, of Foscolo on Digamma Cottage, Santa Rosa's round the Austin House in Queen Square. Apart from these stand the Rossettis, and Mazzini, whom Miss Wicks, with unnecessary diffidence, leaves to a short final chapter. The exiles did not get on very well with one another, nor with their hosts. Foscolo complains of the "*nonsensical* biglietti delle perpetuamente scriventi signore inglesi"; Santa Rosa of the English lack of *varietà*. A more serious and universal grievance was the suspicion with which, once their novelty was exhausted, they were met almost everywhere. It only increased after the accession of Queen Victoria, whose sympathies were entirely pro-Austrian; so that, for lack of support, we watch the poor devils turning from apostles of freedom into review hacks, spongers, or Englishmen, according to their temperament.

The process was generally depressing. "We are all *engoués* with him," Lord Holland was writing of Foscolo soon after his arrival. "At Holland House they are sick to death of him" was the comment a few years later. Perhaps our sympathy with Holland House is partly due to Miss Wicks's too constant pre-occupation with what the exiles did, at the expense of who they were. The inner light has to be strong indeed that can break through some of the financial transactions minutely described in these pages. If Holland House was prepared to be *engoué* at the beginning, it was chiefly because the exiles were useful counters in an English party game; with the unusual recommendation of being not only champions of political liberty, in an age when that was a good

* *The Italian Exiles in London*, 1816–1848. By Margaret C. W. Wicks. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

and even respectable thing to be, but also the social equal of their Whig hosts. For it must be remembered that the Risorgimento was an entirely upper class movement, and that the decades of exile which exhausted alike the patience of hosts and guests were due to the fatalism and apathy of the Italian people as a whole.

That the whole ever was roused is an extraordinary tribute to integrity and perseverance. One of the chief virtues of this book is that it sends the reader back to Mazzini, to reconsider a confused and revolutionary saint. Miss Wicks only gives us a glimpse of him, in his doeskin boots receiving Mrs. Carlyle's confidences; we never see him as the imaginative man of action, in Carlyle's excellent phrase, "merciful and fierce." Nor is there any mention of his most intimate friend during the first London exile, Stanislas Worcell, the odd Polish visionary who has been unaccountably neglected by amateurs of revolution. Since, though, Mazzini spent the London years until 1848 in almost absolute seclusion, there can be very few records to draw from. Mrs. Fletcher, who knew him well and from whom Miss Wicks quotes, is most disappointing; and Mrs. Carlyle appears to have been affectionate rather than percipient. Nevertheless, it is a pity that we cannot focus more clearly these essential years of the earliest Duce in modern Europe to rely on intuition rather than analysis, the religious anti-Utilitarian who joined the International, the propounder of "a doctrine of national mission heavily freighted with war" who, as early as 1833, was writing to Melegari:

> That Nation which, in the nineteenth century, isolates its lot, that Nation which does not feel that it is part of a great family, that Nation which forgets that it has been given a mission to Humanity, and that it ought to represent a general idea, is behind the times. . . .

Mazzini frequented, but only distantly, the Rossettis, whose household in Charlotte Street is of all the nearest to us now. He differed from Rossetti as to the means of attaining Italian unity; but then Rossetti, as he wrote long afterwards himself to Frere, "understood these matters not at all." "Truly," he goes on, "it is a strange thing that I who don't at all understand what politics are, should for politics be persecuted and exiled." His crime had been the celebration of liberty in eloquently boring verse; its punishment, one more proof of the unchangeableness of governmental man. For at the moment of his flight we find ourselves in a familiar atmosphere. The prisons are full, atropos belladonna is mixed with the prisoners' drinks to weaken their minds and make them talk, London (according to Cyrus Redding) is honeycombed with Austrian spies, the techniques of sudden abduction and ingenious calumny are making great advances.

It is a relief to get to Charlotte Street; although here Miss Wicks wisely makes no attempt to supplant R. D. Waller's full and admirable book, *The Rossetti Family*, 1824–1854, published by the same press a few years ago, in which is given the irresistible letter of Mrs. Rossetti's youngest and most practical sister, to whom her brother-in-law had sent a copy of his *Arpa Angelica*:

> MY DEAR SIR,
>
> Many thanks for the copy of your book, which you have been so kind as to give me. I have heard Margaret read some of the Hymns and like what I understand but my head not being poetical I cannot appreciate its beauties. Pray give my love to your wife and daughters and trusting you are well as I am I remain attached
>
> Sister-in-law,
> ELIZA H. POLIDORI.

Miss Wicks unduly flatters her readers by quoting throughout in Italian without translations; and 1848 rather than 1860 is surely an arbitrary date on which to close. Sometimes, too, though we had not expected much view of the wood, it is irritating not to see the trees for the twigs. This is, however, one very useful chapter of a far larger work, so far, I think, unattempted: the *Splendeurs et Misères* of nineteenth-century exile, from Mazzini to Alexander Herzen, from Kossuth to Kropotkin. Among the *Splendeurs* it is difficult not to place the spectacle of Panizzi organising the defence forces of the British Museum against the Chartists. ALAN PRYCE-JONES

NOT ALL THE MULTITUDINOUS SEAS

A HUNDRED times a day I wash the hands,
Wash them of human folly, while the sands
Of time slip through the fingers and I smell
The chloroform upon the folded towel.
Everywhere the odour follows me, the scent
Of folly, death and disillusionment,
Subtly stealing into a thousand places,
Lurking in unexpected forms and poses
To come out at me with sudden sweet surprise
And ruin pleasure with a sad surmise:
The blight that lies like something infinitely fine and light, a film of powder, white
Upon the covered face of everything:
The canker in the core of fruit, the sting
In the honey-bee, the poison in the heart,
The worm that gnaws the vitals and the hot
Anguish of the mind denying peace.
What prophylactics are there to give release,
What instruments to sear and cauterise
This wound, the affected place to sterilise?
Not all the multitudinous seas could cleanse
The scent of folly from the human hands.

A. L. ROWSE

THE DICTATOR AND THE DOCTOR

The Insect Play is the most impressive dramatic satire on humanity written in modern times. Yet it failed to make a due impression when first acted in London in May, 1923, the date was too near the war itself, and the pacifist wave of disgust and disillusionment had not yet swept over the public. People were still too near their own grief and loss to bear looking at an allegory of their state of mind during the war. Therefore the satire of Act II (the ant-heap) was too painful for most of them to contemplate. Still, a few who saw *The Insect Play* remain intensely grateful to the late Sir Nigel Playfair for having given them a performance of this remarkable Capek play that did something like justice to it. It was revived again recently at The Little Theatre, where it was kept running in spite of empty houses by some enthusiast who felt the immense value of its satire. But at The Little Theatre the stage was too small and the cast too inexperienced as a whole for the demands it made upon them. It was *R.U.R.* (1920) which made the name of Capek in this country, adding by the way the word "Robot" to our language. That, too, was a play based on a strikingly original and pointful idea, but it had the pull of ending with a gleam of sentimental hope, incongruous but soothing.

Originality and thought are present in this play. Nevertheless it is greatly inferior to the other two. It is a very natural play for a Czech to write at the present moment, that is all one can say. *Power and Glory*, at the Savoy Theatre, is, in the first place, a satire on modern Germany and the Führer. In the second, it is a wish-fulfilment play written by a pacifist and a citizen of a small threatened country. It has the weakness of all wish-fulfilment art, and unfortunately its satire, though admirably directed at many points, misses its mark in one important respect. It postulates a cowardice in those who believe in force; I wish this were true, but I don't think it is. Satire is only deadly when it strikes at real weaknesses. The satire upon the histrionic reliance of "The Marshal" on God, and upon the attitude of the Professor who is head of the clinic towards medical science (a part excellently played by Mr. Felix Aylmer) goes home; but I confess when I saw the Baron Krug, the master of munitions, and the Marshal himself rocking and sobbing on their knees when, in their turn, they are threatened with "the white plague," I did not congratulate the dramatist on his aim. I am prepared to believe that the deadly dismay which the prospect of falling a victim to a peculiarly agonising

and filthy form of leprosy would shake the nerve of any man and alter his sense of proportion; but experience tells me that men of the Marshal's type, or for that matter of Krug's, have had too long a training in histrionics not to save their faces in the presence of others. Besides the power of a "Marshal" rests upon a selflessness which is none the less dangerous for being absolutely sincere, rather more so. It may be argued that a man whose nerve and pluck are remarkable in some directions may fail him in another; that he who is unafraid of death or danger may be terrified of disease. But my point is that *fear* in general is not a characteristic weakness of the type the dramatist is striking at.

The situation in the play is this. A strange, terrible scourge has fallen on Europe; a deadly and hideous disease which attacks only those over forty-five years old. Medical science can do nothing to cure or stay it. One poor obscure doctor, however, has found a sure remedy. But he refuses to impart his cure until the rulers of the world outlaw war and abstain from arming and threats of war; until they promise to do that, he will go on healing the poor and leave the rich to rot. Dr. Galen is a man who had considerable experience during the war. When someone reported to him a saying of the Marshal that he led his countrymen to victory and brought them back heroes, he quietly remarks, "I saw the men he did *not* bring back." He is obsessed by one idea: What is the use of saving life and preventing pain if men are forced to die and suffer at the bidding of their rulers? There is some sense in that. I can well imagine a man who holds such a secret as Dr. Galen's thinking it his duty to blackmail his Government into being more consistently humanitarian. Only I think that they would have probably diddled him. There is a gap in the construction. The Marshal would have applied torture to extort Galen's secret. Now in the first Act we have heard that Galen is suffering from heart disease. When the Marshal is discussing what is to be done with him, that fact should have been mentioned again. It alone precluded measures which *pro bono publico* the Marshal would not have hesitated to take. He could have tortured him quite quietly.

At last war is let loose (without a formal declaration of course) on a small neighbouring state. It must, however, be a rapid success or the attack may involve a general European war, which the Marshal does not want. When things at the front are not going quite according to schedule, the white plague strikes down "The Marshal" himself. He decides to cry the war off, stand for Peace in the name of God—and send for Galen. But an excited mob of *young* people who are not afraid of the plague and, indeed, have found the removal of their seniors economically advantageous, have been therefore amenable to the Marshal's war-appeal, handle the doctor so roughly on his way to his august patient that he dies. That is a good point. Dictators cannot necessarily control the war-spirit they have roused, when from their own point of view it would be wiser to reverse their policy. They may become the victims of the enthusiasm they have excited. But this point would have been better brought out, had the messengers on arriving at Dr. Galen's laboratory found he had been killed by patriots as a dirty pacifist and traitor. It is not very likely that Dr. Galen would have had to make his way on foot to the Marshal's palace on an errand of such urgency; a great car would have fetched him.

The play is definitely exciting. But how exciting I should have found it had I known what was coming I do not know. I think its weaknesses would then have been too apparent to me. As it was they were disguised by the sensational nature of each scene in its turn, and the extremely powerful acting of Mr. Homolka in the dual parts of Doctor and Marshal. His is a performance well worth seeing: most impressive. He gets inside these opposite characters.

It is not so difficult to act such violently contrasted characters as some of my colleagues have supposed; but Mr. Homolka succeeds with a subtlety that is surprising. The acting which I enjoyed most in the whole play was the contrast between the look of bewilderment on Mr. Homolka's face when the Professor asked "Dr. Galen" if he felt he was obeying a Higher Power in behaving as he did, and his expression when, as "Marshal," he responded to the suggestion that he should declare that God had suddenly commanded him to work for peace. The mingled look of hope, exultation and "that's a bright idea" that dawned in his countenance then, was quite perfect.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

The new ballet performed at Sadler's Wells last week was *Le Roi Nu*, based on Hans Andersen's story *The Emperor's New Clothes*. The story has the snap of elastic and with Mr. Robert Helpmann ogling and strutting as the Emperor it was bound to be a comic success. A toppling wig and a patch added insolence to his smile, which only disappeared with his final collapse in underwear. The quicker and prettier a ballet of this sort can be, the better. For prettiness, there was the eighteenth-century chinoiserie of the decor by Hedley Briggs, and some knockabout tunes by Jean Francaix. But lively though the whole ballet was, it had pointless interludes. There was no reason why the Empress (Pearl Argyle) should entertain a lover, or why the lover should dance with a chair stuck to the seat of his trousers; and the street crowd of the last scene repeated the peasant flings of countless other such scenes in ballet. The miming of the invisible clothes, too, was only intermittently amusing, though the three tailors (especially Mr. Frederick Ashton) presented admirable grotesques. So far as bustle could make up for empty corners, Miss Ninette de Valois did well with the choreography. *Le Roi Nu* is fun, wearing thin at times. By contrast, Mr. Constant Lambert's *Horoscope*, which followed, was a full work. Musically, after we have been lulled by the palindrome at the beginning, it develops a varied and attractive score, which improves with hearing. The choreography that Mr. Frederick Ashton has employed for *Horoscope* is of the same family as Massine's choreography for *Présages and Choreartium*, with the important difference that the female dancers use their points. But whereas the Tchaikovsky and Brahms symphonies were not intended for dancing (and Mr. Lambert has wittily denounced their adaptation for this purpose), the *Horoscope* music has been expressly composed for ballet, and for this kind of ballet. The general effect is impressive but curiously static. The struggle of temperament—male and female, the Young Man under Leo and the Young Woman under Virgo—so brilliantly worked out by the music, makes satisfactory patterns for the dancers but lags dramatically. (Mr. Ashton, by the way, has shown his usual invention and ingenuity.) A certain moodiness and even monotony are no doubt part of Mr. Lambert's intention; the palindrome prepares us. And yet one feels that more emotion and less abstract pattern are needed to convey fully his idea. Mr. Michael Somes gave a remarkably sensitive performance as the Young Man; too sensitive, perhaps, when one remembers the programme description, "energetic and full-blooded." Miss Margot Fonteyn danced gracefully, hesitating, chased here and there, fading wanly into the wings; but she seemed a little lost in her part as well as in the starlight. Sophie Fedorovitch's decor of contrasted scenes—strontium and electric spark blue—was entirely successful. Whatever criticisms may be made of *Horoscope*, it is a ballet to see again, and it is certainly one of the best productions we have had at Sadler's Wells.

THE COMING WEEK

MONDAY, April 18th—
"Good and Proper," Embassy.
"People of Our Class," Streatham Hill.

TUESDAY, April 19th—
British Drama League School, Kings College of Household and Social Science. Till 23rd.
"Coriolanus," Old Vic.

WEDNESDAY, April 20th—
"The Masque of Kings," Gate.
"April Clouds," Royalty.
"Elizabeth," Haymarket.

THURSDAY, April 21st—
"The Merchant of Venice," Queen's.

FRIDAY, April 22nd—
Concert by Basque Children, Wyndhams Theatre, 3. Tickets 1*s.* to 1 *gn.*, from 53 Marsham Street, S.W.1.
Arts Peace Campaign Dance and Cabaret, Paramount Rooms, 8. Tickets 3*s.* 6*d.*, from Miss Slater, 30 Woburn Square, W.C.1

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

EVEN the most sedentary cockney cannot fail to notice the birds at this time of year: the cock-pigeons cooing and crouching and dragging their ruffled feathers along the asphalt paths after the hen birds—and the shrieking little mobs of sparrows. It is obvious enough that it is the spring and that the birds are mating. The details of bird behaviour are hard to follow, even in the commonest of birds. Here is an account of the sparrow:

> Sexual behaviour peculiar and not well understood. Prominent feature of breeding season is noisy display, in which sometimes one but commonly several males, hop with loud chirpings round female with elevated bill and tail and drooping wings, but merely elicit pecks from irritated hen. . . . whole performance commonly ends with sudden dispersal of participants and appears unconnected with coition and even pairing. Gengler states . . . that both mated and unmated birds of both sexes are involved in displays, but that mated males only display to other females, never to their own. He interprets display as relic of former genuine courtship, now functionless except as outlet for persistent display instinct.

Mr. W. H. Thompson questions this and thinks displays are due to the polyandrous and promiscuous tendencies of sparrows, of which he has clear evidence and which seem to have been taken for granted by most observers in the past. Messrs. Jourdain and Tucker, who wrote the note, conclude that "the whole subject requires further study." It shows how hard it is to interpret what is known to almost everyone.

* * *

The quotation is from *The Handbook of British Birds* by Messrs. Witherby, Jourdain, Ticehurst and Tucker (Witherby, 21*s.* a vol.), which will be completed in five volumes. Volume I covers the crows, finches, wagtails, tits, and flycatchers. The treatment is very thorough and scientific. The information given about each species is grouped as follows: habitat, field-characters and general habits, voice, display and posturing, breeding, food, distribution, migrations, distribution abroad, detailed description of plumage, including plumage of female, and juvenile forms and seasonal variations. Every species of which a genuine British record exists is included. Thus the handbook covers not merely what are in the real sense of the word British birds, but most of the closely allied Continental species or varieties of the species. Though this makes the book very much larger, it adds a great deal to its value. The illustrations are not intended as impressions of a bird's characteristic movements, but to show the exact colouring of its markings. They are in colour and show the plumage of the adult male and female and of at least one juvenile form. This is extraordinarily useful, as nothing is more puzzling to the amateur bird-watcher than the immature forms of such common birds as the starling, yellow-hammer, goldfinch or bullfinch. Everybody, I suppose, knows young robins with their golden-spotted breasts. In many cases *The Handbook* shows winter as well as summer plumage. In the linnet the crimson breast is concealed by the grey or buff fluff of the new feathers after the autumn moult. By the following spring the cock bird gets so much brighter, as his feathers wear away, that he is hardly recognisable. *The Handbook* shows no less than seven linnets. The most disappointing of these little coloured illustrations are those of the chaffinch and of the spotted flycatcher, in which it seems to me the colours are bad. The cock chaffinch is a much brighter bird than the one here represented. I was holding a live cock chaffinch in my hand this afternoon. But I have noticed that illustrations of chaffinches never are very good. There are no illustrations of eggs in Volume I; it will be a pity if none are given, though the variability in colouring is a difficulty.

* * *

The new handbook gives a great deal of information about distribution, most of which has been collected thanks to bird-ringing. The evidence about the movements of starlings is particularly interesting and topical owing to the suggestion that they are responsible for introducing the germs of foot-and-mouth disease from Germany. The starling is a resident, breeding almost everywhere in the British Isles. Only one British-bred starling, ringed as a nestling, has been reported from the Continent. But vast numbers of Continental starlings winter in England, and birds bred and ringed in all the Baltic countries, in Northern Russia and Poland, have been caught here during the winter. Large numbers of adult starlings, ringed in England in winter, have also been caught all along the Baltic countries and in Finland and Sweden. The technique of ringing birds is simple and easy: a white metal ring of the right size on which is stamped the words British Museum Nat. Hist. London, and a serial number, is slipped or wrapped round the leg. Either young birds in the nest or adults may be ringed; the latter are usually trapped in large wire-netting cages, and then caught in a butterfly net. Naturally the total numbers of birds of common species that have been ringed runs to tens of thousands, while only a few hundred of the rarer, or more wary birds have been done. Only some four hundred jays have been ringed, and one may guess that most of these were young birds in the nest. The percentage of rings recovered varies enormously with the different species, depending on the habits of the bird, and whether it is shot, either for food or by gamekeepers. Thus very nearly a quarter of the rings put on merlins have been recovered (a large number of the remainder are probably still on live birds). On the other hand, though several hundred redwings have been ringed here during their winter visit, not a single ring has been recovered from them. A very high percentage of rings is recovered from the various water fowl which are shot for food. Game birds—grouse, pheasants, partridges—are excluded from ringing.

* * *

A friend of mine who has ringed very large numbers of birds has told me some interesting details. He has ringed swallows and seen the same birds a year later in the same neighbourhood, though not actually using the previous year's nest. But his most exciting account is of the operation of ringing young herons before they are old enough to leave the nest. The heronry is on the tops of tall old chestnut trees which the ringer climbs. With one hand he has to cling to a branch of the tree, while conducting operations with the other. The young herons retreat to the far side of the nest and peck at him furiously, often inflicting nasty wounds. With his free hand the ringer tries to catch a young heron by the beak, then by the neck; finally he manages to tuck it under his arm and fix the ring on its leg, while the bird usually vomits half-digested eels and fish over him, and the tree rocks in the wind. The results of this heron-ringing are decidedly interesting, as they show that a general seasonal circulation is going on all the time. The birds ringed in the Midlands in spring are found in the West of England in the autumn, and numbers seem to cross as young birds to Western France in the winter, working up north to Holland and probably coming back to England when they are a year or two years old. But though a great deal of interesting work has been done, there is much more to learn about bird migration and about the seasonal movements of resident birds about England. There is undoubtedly a romantic attraction in putting a ring round a wild bird's leg in the hopes that some missionary will discover it being worn as an ornament by an African pigmy a year or two later. The trapping, and finding of nests, and handling the birds satisfies the hunting instinct, much as herding sheep satisfies the wolf's instinct in the collie. But the chief attraction, except for the scientist totally lacking in human feelings, is the same romantic excitement that Shelley felt as he sent off fire balloons to carry his pamphlets far and wide. The bird leaves one's hand like an arrow. Who knows where it will be heard of next? If it is a greenfinch or a hedge sparrow the chances are that you may find it fluttering about the trap half an hour afterwards.

DAVID GARNETT

GUSTO

Everybody's Autobiography. By GERTRUDE STEIN. *Heinemann*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Stein's talent is increasingly asserting itself as something immensely concrete, personal and human. It has sometimes mistakenly been called a tendency towards abstract art and pattern, a literary version of the abstract painters. No comment would seem less apt. What flows out of that riotously rambling pen is a kind of bounding, formless, untidy middle-western prairie of zestful gossip about people, anecdotes about them, remarks made by them and of them, innocent-seeming queries as to why Braque minded this, why Matisse never spoke to her again after that, what Picasso thought she had been saying to Dali about his poetry, why T. S. Eliot hesitated to print her in the *Criterion*, what Marie Laurencin meant about painters not liking the way they came into *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, and so on : chat, speculation, comment, anecdote, cheerfully tough, contentedly prattling, often shrewd and funny, with the sharp-eyed life of those plump and bouncing gophers which pop out of holes in the prairie and squint round at us as we pass. Miss Stein is prolix and wordy—(at least I suppose she is wordy, for, though she has comparatively few words at command, she uses each a great many times, and it takes a good many of them to get each thing said : it is not surprising that she does not care for French as a written language)—but no one could call her dull ; she does turn the world comic side up, and among the things she gets said are plenty of good and ingenious things. This, for instance, on Spaniards and Russians :

> Dali like many Spanish painters has married a Russian. I once asked a Russian woman why Spaniards married Russians. . . . Well she said you see it is because superficially they are alike. . . . And it is true Spaniards have no sense of time that is to say the night is the day and the day is the night to them, then they are very brutal not brutal but callous to human emotion and they also never listen. . . . The Russian and the Spaniard are Oriental and there is the same mixing. Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar. Scratch a Spaniard and you find a Saracen.

On couples :

> Janet Scudder always says how is it possible that a couple a husband and wife can be good for anything. It is hard to find one person in this world both useful and pleasant but what chance is there that one person could marry another person useful and pleasant. Better give it up, says Janet.

On pacifists :

> It is like it was during the war the most actively war-like nation the Germans always could convince the pacifists to become pro-German. That is because the pacifists were such intelligent beings that they could follow what any one is saying.

On the daughters of the major at Palma de Mallorca :

> They explained that not being able to read and write did not mean that they had not been taught. Of course in the convent they had been taught but as in their life they had no need of it they had forgotten how to do it. It is not like swimming that cannot be forgotten but like bicycle riding which can be forgotten.

On fathering :

> There is too much fathering going on just now and there is no doubt about it fathers are depressing. . . . There is father Mussolini and father Hitler and father Roosevelt and father Stalin . . . and father Franco is just commencing now and there are ever so many more ready to be one.

And so on and so on, and all delivered in that idiom of modish semi-literate simplicity, ungrammared, unpunctuated, repetitive, that is Miss Stein's skilful development of her earlier and more jungled self-expression. She is now lucid enough ; indeed, her habit of making her points several times over in the same paragraph (she has a theory that " insistence is always alive ") sometimes oppresses by its lack of subtlety. What is the secret of the seducing power of this peculiar technique ? For seducing it is, and modish it has been, whoever was first what Miss Stein would call the one to do it. It has, I suppose, the piquancy of incongruity : here is round-fisted naïveté scrawling in copy-book characters commaless, unparsable sentences in the ingenuous and uneducated English of the prairie shack, and saying in it clever things, making shrewd criticisms, alertly summing up friends, movements, artists, pictures, nations, the world ; the effect is that of a pig-tailed and pinafored child being bright beyond its years. Such an idiom is also a vehicle for utterances that could not otherwise so effectively or so disarmingly be made. You can say in it, as Miss Stein does, I am a genius, I have been the creative literary mind of the century, people have always been nice to me because I am pleasing, and anything that occurs to you about your friends, and get away with it better than if you wrote as an adult. On the other hand, the illiteracy of the vocabulary—" photo," " differently than," " commence," and the rest—is a doubtful asset ; odd, too, in a writer who says " I like anything that a word can do." But liking is Miss Stein's strong point. Her zest is tremendous. She likes writing, " it is so pleasant to have the ink write it down on paper as it goes on doing." She likes looking at pictures, walking, driving a car, dogs, travelling, food, lecturing in Oxford, Cambridge, and America, being a success—" I always do like to be a lion, I like it again and again, and it is a peaceful thing to be one succeeding. And I like being in London and I like having a ballet in London and I like the way they liked the ballet in London "—but above all she likes people and every detail about them and their affairs. She enjoys gossip and is a good gossip, abundantly lavish of odd and comic facts about the people she knows, but rather undiscriminating, like most gossips, between the facts worth mentioning about them and the facts less worth mentioning, such as that she met them. She is enormously pleased to be a genius, which, one gathers, she regards as some definite species of being, like a zebra, you either are one or you are not, and only Alice B. Toklas knows, for when she meets a genius a bell rings in her and she knows. It is zest that carries this cheerful, shapeless, rambling book along ; an immense gusto for the contemporary scene—" any way I like what I have and now it is to-day." A fortunate temperament indeed.

ROSE MACAULAY

BROWN FACT AND RED PHOBIA

Insanity Fair. By DOUGLAS REED. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Across the Frontiers. By SIR PHILIP GIBBS. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

We live, of course, under an unofficial censorship which insures that we remain comfortably uninformed about any movement in world affairs until we can only protest at yet another *fait accompli*. Mussolini's intentions in Abyssinia, Germany's re-armament, Fascist intervention in Spain and, now, the undermining of Czechoslovakia were all well known to newspaper men long before they became news. But decent Englishmen have been brought up by the press lords to be crisis-minded and to equate sensation with news. And so, poor things, they live in a world of sudden inexplicable shocks to which they can only react with a pained and helpless surprise.

The result of this deliberate fooling of the public is a remarkable contrast between the outlook of the foreign correspondent who knows the facts and of his readers who do not. Mr. Douglas Reed (if he will excuse my saying so), apart from his journalistic capacity, is a very normal Englishman with no political affiliations. He dislikes the British Left, but because he knows the facts which Mr. Chamberlain doesn't want us to know, he can't help indicting the Government in every chapter he writes. *Insanity Fair* is the autobiography of a normal Englishman most abnormally aware of what is going on. But because it is an eye-witness account of brown facts, it will be condemned by the great editors as tendentious propaganda : for facts are tendentious when their publication bursts the bubble in which the powers that be have decided that our free democracy must wither away.

Mr. Reed has found life worth living. Starting as an office boy at thirteen, he sought release in the Great War, though, heaven knows, his experiences in the front line and in the air would have broken most people's nerve. Adrift in post-war disillusionment, he worked his way up from the bottom of a newspaper office until he became foreign correspondent in Berlin and the most brilliant reporter of the Reichstag Fire Trial. Since then he has flown round Europe with Mr. Eden, and worked in Vienna and in the Balkans. His job has been news, and his are the reminiscences of a man who knows too much about politics to respect politicians overmuch. He belongs indeed to the only educated democracy which still survives, the community of journalists who get the news before the editors pervert it. I wonder what would have happened to our Government if Mr. Reed and his colleagues had been permitted to educate the man in the street as well before it was too late.

Of course that is a ridiculous fantasy in this democracy of ours. However, I recommend all who care to know (now it *is* too late) how Fascism rolled up the map of Europe to read *Insanity Fair*. It is unprejudiced, accurate, amusing and bitter, a very appropriate drink for the season of the year.

Sir Philip Gibbs is not a foreign correspondent but a *special*. He is privileged either to roam at large, or to arrive in the middle of a crisis and to supersede the man on the spot. This process of replacing the expert by the *special* insures that on all important occasions the public gets what the editor supposes it to want and what the Government needs it to have. Sir Philip is, I am sure, a very nice and scrupulously honest man; if he had not been, *Across the Frontiers* could not have been published in its present form. For it is just one long poignant plea for trusting Hitler: it assures us that he is really pacific, and that the idea that the Nazis might march into Austria is "a bogy of the English imagination." On the last page is added a sad little postscript to the effect that the rape of Austria will make "the policy of appeasement" very difficult. And yet "it is still the policy to pursue, even though it fails. But as I write these last words, before sending this book to press, darkness gathers over the European scene. Where is the light?"

If you don't succeed at first, trust, trust again. There is something charming about Sir Philip's mournful surprise at the failure of this recipe. By contrast Mr. Reed's judgment, formed by years of close experience of Nazi methods, allows him no such surprises; but it seems somewhat crude compared with the gentlemanly benevolence of Sir Philip as he wanders across Europe, from Nazi tea-table to Fascist tea-table, with his pleasant expression of bewildered courtesy and his new astonishment at each new outrage. If Mr. Reed is an average man who happens to be well informed, Sir Philip is just an average man, and he mirrors perfectly the deluded optimism which the editors have created in the public mind. Being thoroughly nice he sees good in everything, even in the Nazi demands that our free press should be muzzled.

But there is just one thing in which he sees no good, the Reds. They were "out for anarchy" in Germany in 1918. The Russians, who are Reds, are "a nation of homicidal maniacs." The French strikers last Christmas wanted "public disorder, riots, bloodshed, the collapse of French economy." "The Red Terror in Spain has degraded humanity itself by its abominations." By the time Sir Philip has finished, these Reds seem to include nearly everyone except Hitler, Mussolini and Mr. Chamberlain. Naturally his British broadmindedness extends only to these latter gentlemen, and his British decency feels, equally naturally, that the nefarious criminals who are struggling for liberty in France, Spain and Russia should receive no understanding whatsoever. They are Reds and that is that.

It is interesting to observe how this blind spot vitiates the fair-mindedness of which Sir Philip boasts throughout the book. Once an advocate of the League of Nations and, as he reminds us, a genuine progressive in international affairs, he still believes himself completely tolerant. But he tolerates only a Brown dictatorship. Railing at intellectuals in England who inconsistently support both free institutions and Soviet Russia, he fails to observe that he himself is not wholly consistent in supporting both Fascism and Democracy. His book is as desperately prejudiced as any Communist tract; but whereas the Communist makes no pretence of fairness, Sir Philip believes that he is really open-minded. In this he truly reflects the opinion of the British ruling class and its Non-Intervention Committee. They all believe, with Sir Philip, that foreign correspondents such as Mr. Reed, who dislike Stalin but have no Red Phobia, are intolerant propagandists. And thus British fair play, despite the facts, despite our national interests, despite the menace to justice, humanity and peace, conscientiously befriends the Brown Terror. *Across the Frontiers* is not a wicked, but only a foolish book, and for the sake of its postscript we can forgive its folly. Even now, Sir Philip might be persuaded to read *Insanity Fair* and learn what really unprejudiced reporting is.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

NEW NOVELS

Count Belisarius. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Champion. By JACK HILTON. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Heart of the Furnace. By LAMBERT WILLIAMS. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Serenade. By JAMES M. CAIN. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Here's Why. By FRANK COLLINS. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Robert Graves is one of those novelists who need to be given a field of operations ready made before their imagination can work. The attempt to improve *David Copperfield* was perverse but was also an indication of what his talent was looking for; now in his studies of Roman history he has found a period which has sufficient parallels with our own time to reward the sardonic instinct of revival and which will also give him an outlet for an amateur's passion for military campaigns. There is a good deal of the public schoolboy left in Mr. Graves. *Count Belisarius* is a fictional-biographical hybrid, ably and smoothly presented. Belisarius was one of the last Romans to be made a consul, a commander of cavalry with notions of his own about men and strategy, with some of the heterodoxy of Lawrence—as judged by Mr. Graves—and he was also one of the few Romans of his era who did not make Christianity look like a bad joke. He was an honest man in a shabby world. Justinian was his jealous, religion-tortured employer. And with the Green and Blue factions at each other's throats—Belisarius proclaimed himself a White—religion reduced to meaningless theological hair-splittings about the nature of the Son of God, the break-up of the Empire, society full of cynics and business in the hands of corrupt government contractors like John of Cappadocia, the temptation to brood upon the resemblances with our time is a nice one. Mr. Graves leaves us to draw our own conclusions.

This kind of novel, however, leaves the unsatisfactory feeling that one ought to be reading Gibbon and not Mr. Graves, for Mr. Graves is without prejudices. I doubt if a novelist is entitled to be quite as sportsmanlike as Mr. Graves is, though he shows his indignation when a straight bat like Belisarius is scurvily treated. But there is no doubt about the narrative skill shown in this book or about the resourcefulness with which a vast panorama is handled without congestion. The wars range from the Danube to Morocco, the people from the underworld to the Court, and the tale flows on in a cool, conversational style the only major defect of which—but this is an important one—is lack of passion. That is why one puts the book down and takes it up again, with a mixed grin of amusement and indifference. The wives of Justinian and Belisarius enliven this almost too plausible documentation. Beginning life in the demi-monde they change as they pass to middle age and high position in society, and the change is genially observed. Theodora, as the wife of Justinian, turns into a managing feminist, a scourge to other people's husbands. She gets her own back on her old customers

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and drives the poor prostitutes out of business with the decision of a social reformer, but carefully preserves the rich ones. Yet she is a charming woman. Antonina, less suited to satire and with few social ambitions and prejudices, becomes a lively and faithful wife, with a shrewd eye for the rainy day and a weakness for bright sceptical conversation and private jokes about religion, which her single-minded husband is not able to provide.

Spared the crucial agony of invention and selection and coming too easily into his estate, Mr. Graves is tempted just to ride round his diverse property, improving here, making a row there, laughing, rebuking, nodding; but with an almost too equable eye. Gradually the four major characters fly off into the background and become diminishing figures among the interminable scandals, arguments, intrigues, victories and defeats of Byzantium. Still, the Graves' tour of the decline and fall is an instructive entertainment and you need not visit all the places.

Two or three years ago Mr. Hilton wrote an original book about working-class life called *Caliban Shrieks*, a book notable for its striking use of language. He wrote like an orator or like a band playing. This gift has got stage fright now that he has turned in *Champion* to the more difficult medium of the novel, and the opening chapters, when he is feeling his way, are full of stilted, mystically inflected prose. He is now telling how a young plasterer grew up, lost his father, married, lost his job and took up professional boxing; and side by side with this success story, is the failure story of a Hunger Marcher who became disillusioned about the working-class movement after three months in gaol, and took to the road. Mr. Hilton knows the tramp world well; and his account of the plasterer's courtship, a certain fancifulness apart, is excellent. So is the plasterer's crucial championship fight when he is up against a difficult opponent. But the rest is too easy. The orator's job is to persuade us to successful action, and Mr. Hilton sweeps the plasterer on a flight of words from one incredible victory to the next and leaves the incredulous reader standing. There is no serious countercurrent in this book, no heckling—after the early chapters—from life; and the novel is a thing which cannot go on like one triumphant peroration uninterrupted. Here and there are signs that Mr. Hilton is a novelist, but the rest is dull, prophetic eloquence about the curse of industrialism and the pagan beauty of the body.

The remaining novels come off unmistakably on their own planes. *The Heart of the Furnace* is a dramatic essay in sentimental realism about the pathos of blindness. A simple blind man working in an institution murders his best friend, another blind man—that is the story. It is uncommon because of its interesting interpretation of the blind man's mind. Dependence on women instead of dominance of women is the essence of the matter—I should have thought dependence in general—and this turns Briödo into a sort of Don Juan hater of the sex, while Hans, his friend, is at the other extreme of childish trustfulness and worship. The best things in the book are the talk of Ma Roos and her family of daughters with whom Hans boards, and Mr. Williams, who is an economical writer, knows how to get a whole character in a few words. Here is Hans, the simple one, being introduced for the first time to Ma Roos:

> There was a pause. He felt Ma Roos looking at him. Then, "It's a shame," she said, "a downright shame."

So Ma Roos reveals herself better than pages of description could do. There seems to be some sort of symbolical parallel between the blindness of Hans and the blindness of his counsel and judges at the murder trial, but realism with a lump in its throat leaves that kind of question comfortably hazy.

There is no tenderness in the successor to the notorious double-knocking Postman, nor any sensibility. That is as well. The kind of sensibility we would find in a tough novel would be like a burglar's tears, or a fraudulent promoter's prison verse. Feeling in this genre is quantitative not qualitative: "What he meant to me was plenty"; and the paradox, that it is only the inarticulate whose talk is recorded. In *Serenade*, the writer is an opera singer down and out in Mexico because his voice has gone. He buys a lottery ticket for an Indian prostitute. She wins and to show her gratitude offers him a sort of partnership in a brothel for American tourists which she is going to open with the money. He agrees, rapes her in a church where they shelter and, after momentary doubts about the sacrilege, she falls in love with him. He is, of course, "nuts" or whatever it is, on or about her. Exciting escapes—he *will* knock out policemen and *politicos*—and then they are in Hollywood. The rape has brought his voice back; an important psychological factor for, later on, it turns out he lost his voice when he found he was too responsive to the attentions of a rich homosexual patron. Now you see the "set up": primitive Indian lady versus clever pansy. Murder is inevitable—Mr. Cain turns his murders, like his rapes, into embarrassing sideshows—and the final situation, in a book as full of situations as a film script, is that the opera singer can stay with his girl only on condition that he sacrifices his art. If he forgets himself and starts singing in the bath they're done. The tough school is beginning to parody itself, but it has speeded up the novel and has caught some of the abrupt cadences of the murderous old sagas. The type stands where Defoe did in the history of the English novel, and they have brought the amoral, pragmatic mind of the industrial towns into its own. They have put the ironmongery of city life, values and speech into literature. They record the gigantic boredom. *Serenade* is a story of passion after you have chopped off all memories of innocence in people, and that, of course, is why it is unreal. As unreal, for all its realism, as the old Lyceum stuff is, its opposite in context but its similar in spirit. For our children will laugh at the naturalism of *Serenade* and the *Postman* as we laughed at the rhetoric of the Red Barn, and for the same reason—exaggeration. Of its kind *Serenade* is a masterpiece.

My heart sinks when a publisher says that he has a book which shows that Englishmen, too, can write tough; but Mr. Frank Collins gets away with it because he is writing about a group of Americanised English of the circus world. Here are a murderous, lecherous but faintly good-hearted Boss and a crowd of women around him—bitches who scratch one minute, kiss the next, unexpectedly solid in conspiring against the male. People wake up in the morning and feel "so what" and start hitting each other, and the general human level is the highly exhibitionist one of the monkey cage. I liked about two-thirds of the book, and Kiddo, the narrator, stupid, pugnacious, young and tiresome, is not badly done except when he becomes melodrama. "She hooked his arm. 'You can buy me a tip up in the flicks and a pink tea.'" One can't resist people who talk like that.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE MYSTIC IN THE LABORATORY

Psychology and Religion. By C. G. JUNG. *Oxford.* 9*s.*

In the words of J. C. Flugel, Jung is suspected by the Freudians of attempting "to escape from the unwelcome tendencies revealed by a study of 'material' symbols," and his work is said to have "a somewhat mystic air which makes it distinctly difficult both to grasp and to criticise." Jung's fellow psychologists are inclined to look on religion as something to be explained away. In Freud's *Future of an Illusion*, religion is treated much as witchcraft and miracles were dealt with by Voltaire. It is an illusion inimical to Reason and Science which may not be retained even for the utility to Society of the ethical behaviour which is induced by belief in it. In 1676 Joseph Glanvill, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Divine, wrote an essay on "The Agreement of Reason and Religion." But science and religion have too long been nations at war and the cessation of commerce between them has harmed them both. Empirical scientists are suspicious of metaphysics, and in consequence the metaphysical bases of much scientific method upset philosophers even more than theologians. A dislike of the prejudice and conclusions of religious mystics has led psychologists to be too ready to call their evidence valueless. Psychology, in its anxiety to be accepted as a science, has clung too close to the laboratory, and ignored the psyche as a hypothesis. Jung is an empiricist, but he has had the revolutionary idea of bringing the mystic into the laboratory.

> Since religion is incontestably one of the earliest and most universal activities of the human mind, it is self-evident that any kind of psychology which touches upon the psychological structure of human personality cannot avoid at least observing the fact that religion is not only a sociological or historical phenomenon, but also something of considerable personal concern to a great number of individuals.

Psychology and Religion presents in brief most of Jung's contributions to psychological theory with the exception of his work on the types. The first lecture deals with his conception of the unconscious mind. He believes not only in a personal unconscious but also in a collective unconscious. "The fact is that certain

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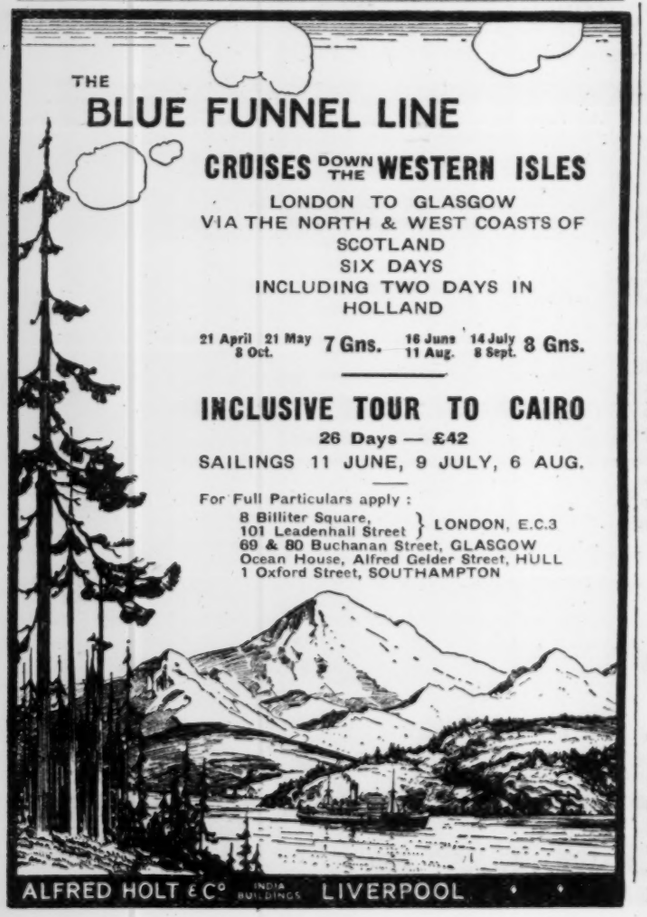
ideas exist almost everywhere and at all times and they can even spontaneously create themselves quite apart from migration and tradition. They are not made by the individual, but they rather happen—they even force themselves upon the individual's consciousness." Joseph Glanvill put it rather differently—"The sages of old live again in us, and in our opinions there is a Metempsychosis. We are our reanimated Ancestours and antedate their *Resurrection*." His acceptance of the "reality" of mystical experience does not necessarily infer the acceptance of any one creed. "Creeds are codified and dogmatised forms of original religious experience." And he notes that the churches are not dissatisfied with the "scientific" attitude which ignores mysticism "because it has discouraged the former introspective attitude which was favourable to a serious consideration of dreams and inner experiences." He notes in passing that the ritual, practice of confession and authority of the Catholic Church are of more therapeutic value to the possible neurotic than the insistence of the permissibility of individual revelation of Protestantism.

Then he deals with his treatment of a neurotic intellectual whose dreams contain motives of peculiar religious interest. The dreamer was Catholic by education but would now "be amazed if anyone would saddle him with religious views of any kind." The quoted dreams are fascinating in themselves. Their primitive rituals, philosophically admonitory voices, and complex mystical symbolism would do credit to a Kafka. To interpret them Jung draws upon the Gnostic systems, Thomas Aquinas and the Greek and mediaeval alchemists. The correspondences adduced are astoundingly close. Jung supports his theory of archetypal symbols with a wealth of abstruse learning and clinical detail but it remains difficult to the imagination. The simpler hypotheses of Freud and Adler are assured of far wider popular approval. And to the rationalist his calling in of reputedly irrational alchemists to clarify a mystical neurosis will remain repugnant. But when he writes: "A psychology which assumes that it could do without such facts must artificially exclude them. I should call this a philosophic prejudice, inadmissible from the empirical standpoint"; scientific method is on his side. And philosophers will approve his recognition that: "The psyche is the object of psychology, and—fatally enough—its subject at the same time and there is no getting away from this fact." Perhaps the extraverted materialist must be satisfied with an inevitable ignorance of the mind of the introverted mystic.

Joseph Glanvill's riddle still awaits an answer: "How the purer Spirit is united to this Clod, is a knot too hard for fallen Humanity to unty. . . . How should a thought be united to a marble-statue, or a sun-beam to a lump of clay! The freezing of the words in the air in the northern climes, is as conceivable as this strange union. . . . And to hang weights on the wings of the winde seems far more intelligible." FREDERICK LAWS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D'ANNUNZIO THE GOLDEN

D'Annunzio. By TOM ANTONGINI. *Heinemann.* 15s.

Signor Tom Antongini, D'Annunzio's secretary, has built up a book of nearly 600 pages on the Maestro. He calls it a Life; it is not that. It is a Lyons Corner House. "Going Up" might have been the title of the first chapter, and on every floor we are introduced to fresh splendours of gilt, marble and illumination. "The Poet and the Fair Sex," "D'Annunzio's Animal Companions," "The Homes of the Poet," "D'Annunzio and the Unknowable," "D'Annunzio, World War Hero," "D'Annunzio's Great Amours"—each compartment is extravagantly decorated in turn. Everything stuns. Other poets may have had a postbag, but "for more than fifty years Gabriele D'Annunzio has received daily an average of fifty letters, twenty-five telegrams, twenty postcards, a dozen packages, fifty newspapers, fifteen books and packages." He has possessed dozens of houses, scores of greyhounds, hundreds of mistresses.

> Women, like so many roses, are literally strewn along the winding path of his life. . . . Sex began early to be a prevailing force with him. It reached the height of its ardour in Rome between 1879 and 1885. Some called this period his "merry age," and others his "sensual crisis."

Scent? He uses a pint of "Eau de Coty" a day. Food? He "is capable of swallowing a dozen ices in rapid succession." Art? "He rarely came home without a new Buddha under his arm." Tips? "He tips the man who punches his ticket at the railway station, the servants who open the doors in the homes of his friends." Sleep? He "rested his tired limbs among the three hundred damask cushions of Capponcina." Debts? He owed a million lire. And so on, record-breaking all the time. He collected more mottoes, told bigger lies, wrote more mellifluous verse, had a stronger appetite and a balder head than any other man alive. Signor Antongini was the amazed spectator of these riches: as for life, he might say, we leave that to the Master. D'Annunzio is written six times in large letters on the cover of his book. It is a superlatively glittering, silly book. Hardly a line of poetry, needless to say, is quoted from one end of it to the other, though the word Poet appears always with a capital letter; D'Annunzio's works appear as a magnificent list, like the list of his pets or his mistresses. For whom then is this book, written apparently in English, intended? Is the plump little hero, clasping the head of an eighteenth-century sphinx-woman on the frontispiece, really the world's lover, as Mary Pickford was once its sweetheart? Are there still fans waiting to learn (p. 2) that his chest measurement was thirty-six inches and that he weighed twelve and a half stone? I doubt if many fans will gape through its 600 pages of type. And for others, here is a book too loud to be sympathetic, too long to be amusing, which only an astronomer of the sensations could enjoy. Even haters of D'Annunzio will feel that he deserves better than this. G. W. STONIER

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LITERARY

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a refreshing air of reality blows through his book. A painstaking study of manorial documents has enabled him to fill it with lively detail, and he makes exceedingly happy use of the rare literary evidence. Rare it is in both senses of the term, for if contemporary poets seldom concern themselves with the hempen homespuns who kept them fed, when they do turn an eye upon the peasants their pictures are of an admirable realism, no sentimentalised Millet figures, but portraits drawn from life. Such are Chaucer's poor widow, or Langland's robust carousers on the alehouse bench, or the ragged man and wife ploughing their acre in *Pierce the Plowman's Crede*, with their hungry babies wailing at the end of the furrow, "all singing one song that was sorrow to hear." Mr. Bennett has caught the note of realism, but he does not forget to paint in the background of natural beauty, the night in the woods, as it is described in *The Parlement of the Thre Ages*, or the picture of a sunlit countryside with its cornfields and rivers and orchards, the rabbits at play and the sheep sheltering in the shade of the hedges, as the author of the newly discovered poem *Mum and the Sothsegger* saw it.

A description of the contents of the book will best illustrate both its extent and its limitations. Beginning with a chapter on the Church, which, he argues, "meant more to the medieval man than we are ever likely to understand," Mr. Bennett goes on to describe the cultivation of the manor and the various subdivisions of the manorial population, the work proper to each season of the year in turn and the various rents and services which had to be paid to the lord of the manor. This leads to a valuable section on manorial administration and the manorial court. Two chapters on the houses, gardens, meals, family life and amusements of the peasantry follow, and after a discussion of "the road to freedom," the book winds up, as it began, with a chapter on the Church and the clergy. Everywhere Mr. Bennett shows a very discriminating eye for detail and a firmly realistic approach, which is at its best in his study of such questions as the number of small landowners whose holdings were not large enough to suffice for their support, and the exact meaning of a day's work, when that work was the customary service due to a lord. Some excellent pages deal with the peasantry under arms, quoting the cry of the widows of Painswick to their lord Sir John Talbot, that when "he had been beyond the sea in the king's wars he had sixteen men out of Painswick, some of them his bondsmen, of which there were eleven slain." The section on the officials of the manor is particularly good, and Mr. Bennett has some very sound things to say about the unwisdom of taking the model treatises on estate management of the thirteenth century as descriptions of the actual working of an ordinary manor.

Enough has been said to show that the book will be of the greatest value, both to students of legal and economic history, who wish to supplement their work upon the human side, and to the general reader who is interested in knowing how people lived in the past. Its defects are the defects of its qualities. It sets out to give a composite picture of a wide area and a long period. Inevitably it masks the differences which different geographical conditions and economic occupations made in the routine of daily life; and, as in all books on medieval rural life, pastoral England is somewhat neglected. Similarly no sense of any movement in time is given; illustrations are taken indiscriminately from all periods between 1150 and 1400, and although much remained unchanged during these years and later, the age was one in which considerable changes did take place. A minor criticism might be that Mr. Bennett possibly both exaggerates the actual impact of the Church upon the peasantry and slightly darkens his colours when writing of it. A number of instances of clerical usurers are hardly sufficient evidence for stating that the village priest was "a hard-headed man of business," nor does there seem anything peculiarly medieval in the fact that he was "frequently a stranger brought into the parish by influence or by his ecclesiastical superiors." Is it not possible, too, that the perpetual consciousness of the other world, the fear of doom and the superstition, which darkened the peasant's mind, had a less sinister significance than that which they naturally assume in the eyes of a liberal intellectual of to-day? The medieval countryman probably took it all as part of the day's work, did not worry much about his doom, except perhaps upon his death-bed, and laid his charms as automatically as he set his springes. To speak of "the narrow warped minds of the mass of the medieval English peasantry" is certainly an exaggeration. Narrow they inevitably were in an uneducated and untravelled age, though Mr. Bennett exaggerates the immobility of the people; the statement on one page that the world beyond twenty miles of their cottages was "the great unknown" accords ill with that on another that the serfs of a Ramsey Abbey manor had to carry produce for their lord to Ramsey, London, Ware or Cambridge. But what reason is there for stigmatising the minds of these simple countryfolk as warped? If more narrow, they were probably less warped than those of many a product of modern urban civilisation.

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This is a book that will never be superseded. It is an objective, accurate and complete account of post-war political history in Kenya. Official papers, the relevant passages from contemporary letters and speeches, everything is included. Rightly included, since in this case no summary, even of the separate incidents, could have told the truth. Miss Dilley is curiously sparing of comment. As an American cousin perhaps she felt a maidenly delicacy in telling us a story that she had not known would be so scandalous, like the old lady who on seeing *Antony and Cleopatra* remarked, "How different from the home life of our own dear King and Queen." Her last chapter tells the story of the latest of the many attempts that have been made to satisfy Native opinion that what lands remain to them are secure. When Sir Edward Grigg was sent out as Governor in 1925 that was one of the problems he was told to solve. He studied it for fifteen months and then produced an elaborate Bill which included provisions to enable the Government to lease to Europeans land in Reserves. Years of intermittent debate on the subject ended when the Colonial Office in 1929 gave instructions that the measure was to be passed into law with certain amendments, the chief of which ordained that if land were taken from a Reserve, an area of equal value must be added to it. Sir Edward openly opposed the amendments. Unofficial protest was so violent that the Legislature had to be adjourned. Next year the Governor renewed his objections, but the Colonial Office insisted and in

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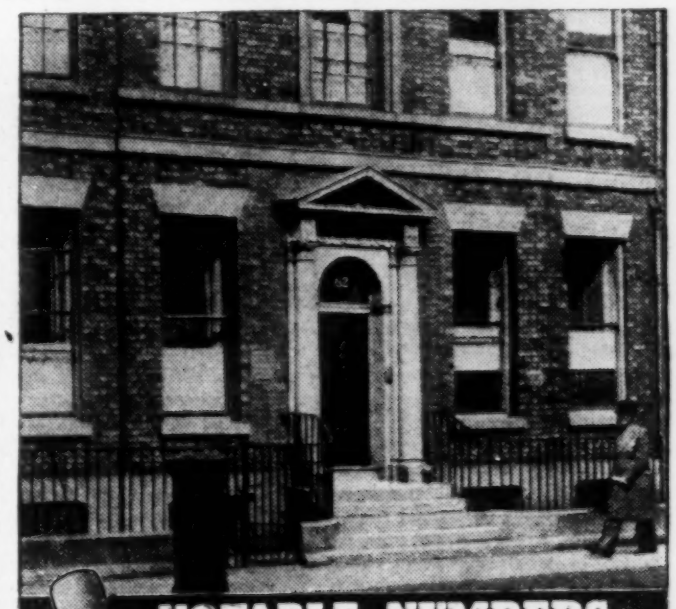

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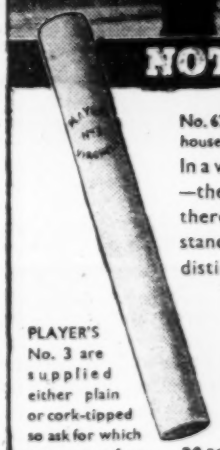

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1930 the Bill, duly amended, was enacted. In 1931 gold was discovered in a thickly populated district, and in the following year an amending Ordinance was passed through all its stages in a few days providing that land might be "temporarily excluded from a Native Reserve" for mining purposes, without any obligation on the Government to add other land in compensation. Native resentment was extreme and was so widely supported in Imperial Parliament that it seemed that for once the Government of Kenya might have to fulfil its own pledges. In a few months the Carter Land Commission was sent out. It calmly reported in 1932 that the Ordinance that had been enacted after so much gestation only two years previously was "utterly unworkable," the fact being that no step had been taken to make its provisions work. The Carter Commission advised new legislation with different provisions for making Native lands secure. Miss Dilley ends the chapter characteristically with the mild remark, "Generally speaking, these changes have not been effected."

Miss Dilley's treatment of industry in Kenya is so inadequate that she would have been wiser to exclude the subject from her book. This defect is probably related to her omission, from an otherwise excellent bibliography, of the two best books on the subject of European colonisation in Africa. These are Lord Olivier's *White Capital and Coloured Labour*, that first set the problem squarely, and Leonard Barnes' *Duty of Empire*. But if anyone wants a sample of the political factor in the unrest in the Colonial Empire that is rising, in 1938, to danger pitch, he will find the information, as well as reason for astonishment and indignation, in this book. There is room for many more books like Miss Dilley's on other Imperial Dependencies, by Americans as fair and clear-headed, but perhaps a trifle less modest and cautious.

NORMAN LEYS

SHORTER NOTICES

A Short History of Naval Engineering. By ENGINEER CAPT. EDGAR C. SMITH, O.B.E., R.N. *Cambridge University Press.* 18*s.*

Napoleon is said to have remarked after witnessing one of Robert Fulton's experiments with a steamboat that he could foresee no future for the idea. It might be interesting to speculate upon the subsequent course of events in Europe had the Emperor been more favourably impressed! The beginnings of Steam Navigation, like those of aviation, are shrouded in the mists of legend. A certain Blasco de Garay was, for instance, at one time credited with having actually propelled a boat by this method at Barcelona in 1543, but the story is without historical confirmation. Nevertheless, after Symington's successful experiments with the *Charlotte Dundas* on the Forth at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the practical possibilities of steam navigation were convincingly and publicly demonstrated, in America by Fulton's *Clermont* and, almost simultaneously, in Great Britain by Bell with his *Comet*. For some years the new science developed on divergent lines. The Americans saw in it a means of developing the efficiency of their inland river transport, whereas in this country its importance as a means of propulsion for seagoing vessels was quickly realised, a fact to which we owe undoubtedly more than a hundred years of leadership in marine engineering and naval construction. As a result of thirty years of painstaking research, Captain Smith has written a detailed chronological account of the successive developments from the earliest days of the little wooden paddle steamers of 296 tons displacement and 100 horse-power, to the modern 70,000-ton transatlantic liner with her giant turbines capable of developing nearly 2,000 times the power of her ancestress. Without attempting to explain in any detail what exactly happens in the engine-room when the telegraph rings "Slow Ahead," the author does tell us a good deal about the men and the firms who for the past 140 years have been responsible for each new development in this important branch of engineering and something also of that obscurantism and often bitter opposition, particularly in orthodox naval circles, which greeted almost every new discovery. Those who know something about ships' engines as well as those who just find them fascinating (and who does not?) should welcome a book like this because it provides an interesting historical background to the purely technical aspect of the subject. There are many illustrations and an index.

Shepherd's Country. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*

This, like Mr. Massingham's previous book on the Cotswolds, *Wold Without End*, will charm some readers and irritate others. If you believe that traditional wisdom is more valuable than scientific knowledge you will be saddened too by this record of the still surviving though moribund crafts and lore of the countryman. But the author is scarcely fair to the much-abused research worker. He mocks him when his laboratory experiments confirm the wisdom of some ancient custom—such as sowing corn when the moon is waxing. Surely it is better that wisdom should be preserved in the laboratory than lost altogether. However, the contemplation of the relics of lost crafts is admittedly a depressing business—especially if you won't see that a different sort of craftsmanship can evolve, and is evolving, in the laboratory and the machine-factory. So this is a depressing book, because Mr. Massingham has a museum-fan's attitude to his subject. Still, he is a most informative guide and even the more learned Cotswoldians will be amazed at the extent and liveliness of the antiquities discovered by the patient author—from previously unrecorded mummers' plays and folk-tales to ritual corn-stalk "dollies" and cruck-cottages. With its eighty-five excellent photographs by Edgar Dale, it is a useful addition to Cotswold and country literature generally.

An Adventure with a Genius. By ALLEYNE IRELAND. *Lovat Dickson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The genius in question was Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the *New York World*. Mr. Ireland became one of his company of half a dozen secretaries through answering an advertisement for a middle-aged paragon. Mr. Pulitzer had become blind and depended on his secretaries completely. Life on the yacht of the blind millionaire was strenuous and none too pleasant. Mr. Pulitzer insisted that his secretaries should regularly perform great feats of memory, and Mr. Ireland's first advances in his good graces were when he successfully repeated quantities of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and an article full of statistics about death duties. Mr. Pulitzer took pleasure in finding holes in the knowledge of his secretaries, and subjected them to cruel cross-examination with this end in view. The millionaire was only interested in facts, had an immense appetite for them, and made the staff of the *World* remember his motto "Accuracy, Terseness, Accuracy." Mr. Ireland fails to convince one that his employer was either amiable or a genius, but he succeeds in painting an interesting portrait of a very remarkable man.

The Great Mademoiselle. By MERIEL BUCHANAN. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

"How Not to Find a Husband" well sums up the career of Anne Marie Louise, Duchesse de Montpensier, daughter of Louis XIII's brother. Yet, if her matrimonial ambitions were ill-judged, her pursuit of two of them led her into bold adventure. Few episodes in French history are more picturesque than the Fronde, and she was perhaps its most picturesque figure. Twice she rejected a union with Charles Lackland, on one occasion because he failed to flatter her and on the other because she imagined she would fare better as the wife of the much older Holy Roman emperor Ferdinand III, who, alas! did not want her. Then, her reasoned dislike of the great Condé giving way to an equally just admiration, she joined forces with him and her father against Mazarin, Anne of Austria, and the boy king. Going to beleaguered Orleans, she revived the spirits of the despairing defenders and caused the siege to be raised. This feat she followed up by another of the same kind, persuading the citizens of Paris to admit Condé within the walls when he and his forces were in danger of annihilation. But although she sided with the rebels to begin with in the hope of marrying Condé, she presently thought that her partisanship must help her to bargain in favour of a project she had first entertained when she was eleven and Louis XIV a new-born babe—that of becoming queen of France. All she actually achieved, however, was her exile. Eventually, when forty-two, she was married "secretly" to the Duc de Lauzun, but only to be embroiled thereby in further difficulties. Miss Buchanan is a writer graceless and slipshod. But of the exciting career of her heroine up to the age of thirty-three she has made an entertaining and readable narrative.

Memoirs of Prince Christopher of Greece. *Hurst and Blackett.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Prince Christopher is the youngest brother of the late King Constantine. These memoirs of his varied life and the famous people he has known are not of the apocalyptic kind, but they are written in cheerful, chatty, entertaining style and give an interesting surface picture of a departed epoch. He naturally champions his brother against the "political Sadist" Venizelos in the events of 1914–16, but otherwise no one is likely to quarrel seriously with his interpretation of history, and he seems remarkably free from animus. There are many new and amusing anecdotes about the royal families, past and present, of Europe, and quite a few about our own.

Week-end Competitions

No. 423

Set by T. W. Earp

Walter Pater or Henry James write from the Elysian Fields to thank a novelist of the Tough-Guy-Blood-and-Guts School for a presentation copy of one of his works. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) will be awarded for the two best letters of not more than 250 words.

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2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize

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or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 421

Set by Allen M. Laing

A well-known modern poet remarked not long ago that the Limerick is the only new rhythmic verse invention of modern times. With the possible exception of the Clerihew, this is true. Can NEW STATESMAN competitors do anything about it? The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for a new and original verse form of use primarily as a vehicle for humorous comment. Entries should consist of a single example of the new form (with, if considered necessary, descriptive note). The competitor is also asked to give his effort a name.

Report by Allan M. Laing

Well, what did you expect? Let William Bliss speak for us all:

> Laing asked for a new form of verse,
> Of the answers he got—not a very great lot—
> Some were better of course and some worse;
> But was one—cross your heart!—worth a curse?

Worth a curse? Judge for yourselves when I say that Mr. Bliss's stanza is perhaps the most practical of those submitted, and I fear it is not exactly new. It may have been that fear which restrained him from giving it a name, as the terms of the competition required. But if the chances of a really successful entry were one in a thousand, the couple of dozen brave hearts who entered seem to have enjoyed the dust even of a losing battle. The variety of their efforts was considerable. There was first the "increasingly catalectic" or Mouse's Tail school, whose diminishing lines shaped themselves into the *Pegtop* (Mrs. L. Marshall Jones); the *Coöculist* (C.O.L.C.); the *Woodruff* (Onar, the form of whose verse was revealed to him "during contemplation of that flower's chaste corymb"); and the *Hourglass* (Tempus Fugit). Even more ingeniously shaped, too, was Rue's *Bamboo*:

> Now
> how
> do
> you
> like my bamboo?
> Verse
> terse,
> thought
> short
> and finely wrought.
> Slight,
> bright,
> like cane:
> no strain
> on tender brain.

You are to note how the words get thicker towards the bamboo's base: the longer lines indicate the joints.

Fisbo boldly announces that his *Bishopric* is the Limerick's successor. I doubt it. In shortening the long lines and lengthening the short ones he has only, it seems to me, spoiled the Limerick. Mr. W. S. Cormack's *Literick* also uses the Limerick as a basis, and by stretching it takes all the bounce out of it. I cannot feel, either, that Miss Chisholm's *Sound Track* synchronises with the competition's scenario, though her verse is amusing:

> Taxi-man, taxi-man, fly away home!
> If my husband wakes up!
> We may meet in the hall!
> What excuse shall I make for being out so early?

Mr. A. E. Buchanan's series of separable *Attenuated Anagraphs* impresses me, at their best, as indistinguishable in form from the *Clerihew*. In the *Sledgameter* or *Exasp*, Mr. Alex. Little has a good title, but his verse fails to live up to it. Lew's *Quan* (= QUestion and ANswer) has its points:

> "My gracious! Oh, what do you there?"
> Cried a curate, espying a poacher.
> Said the poacher, while eyeing the curate:
> "I'm takin' a stroll—fur the 'are."

—but it doesn't strike me as a commodious and comfortable vehicle for humorous comment in general—a remark which applies to most of the other entries with equal or greater force.

One other verse is worth quoting for itself, though it suffers, too, from the fault just mentioned. It is the *Blandula* (Anacrusis):

> A torso?
> And more so—
> A mystery,
> Like history.

I may add that this competition decimated the "regulars," two or whom admitted their defeat in writing. R. D. C. does so in a verse form he has omitted to name, but which I have christened the *Rollerode*. It begins:

> The chances of my inventing a new sort of verse
> Are about equal to those of my becoming excessively rich, or even worse. . . .

The prizes, I regret to say, must be withheld, for though many of the entries are worth more than a curse, I am sure that all competitors would agree that none of them is worth half a guinea, in spite of an extravagant expenditure of midnight oil and sweat. The late Mr. Dooley would have said it was like working on a dredge.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 276.—GOOD EGGS.

"You don't like arithmetic, child?" said Humpty-Dumpty. "I don't, very much."

"But I thought you were good at sums," said Alice.

"So I am," said Humpty-Dumpty. "Good at sums; oh, certainly. But what has that to do with liking them? When I qualified as a Good Egg—many, many years ago, that was—I got a better mark in Arithmetic than any of the others who qualified. Not that that's saying a lot. None of us did as well in Arithmetic as in any other subject."

"How many subjects were there?" asked Alice, interested.

"Ah!" said Humpty-Dumpty. "I must think. The number of subjects was one-third of the number of marks obtainable in any one subject. And I ought to mention that in no two subjects did I get the same mark, and that that is also true of the other Good Eggs who qualified."

"But you haven't told me——" began Alice.

"I know I haven't," said Humpty-Dumpty. "I haven't told you how many marks in all one had to obtain to qualify. "Well, I'll tell you now. It was a number equal to four times the maximum obtainable in one subject. And we all just managed to qualify."

"But how many——" said Alice.

"I'm coming to that," said Humpty-Dumpty. "How many of us were there? Well, when I tell you that no two of us obtained the same assortment of marks—a thing which was only just possible—you'll be well on the way to the answer. But to make it as easy as I can for you, I'll put it another way. The number of other Good Eggs who qualified when I did, multiplied by the number of subjects (I've told you about that already), gives a product equal to half the total number of marks obtained by each Good Egg. And now you can find out all you want to know." He composed himself for a nap.

Alice was almost in tears. "I can't," she said, "do any of it. Isn't it differential equations, or something I've never learned?"

Humpty-Dumpty opened one eye. "Don't be a fool, child," he said crossly. "Anyone ought to be able to do it who is able to count on five fingers."

What was Humpty-Dumpty's mark in Arithmetic?

N.B.—This is the problem that was offered for solution at the Caliban solvers' dinner. Those who solved it at the dinner may obtain points for it by sending a reminder to me.

PROBLEM 274.—CHESS AT BISHOP'S CASTLE

Solution by A. J. Fisher

Let a be the number of competitors.

Then either $a = 4x + 1$ or $a = 4x + 2$ or $a = 4x + 3$.

Of these the first and third give the same value for a, and the second approximately the same, but values for x are irrational by the second, fractional by the third, and integral only by the first.

When $a = 4x + 1$, the four groups are x, x, x, and $x + 1$, from which is developed the equation:—

$$6x(x - 1) + 2x(x + 1) + 240 = \frac{21}{25}(4x + 1)(4x).$$

The solution of the equation is straightforward: $x = 6$.

There were therefore 25 competitors.

PROBLEM 273.—THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Harold Varley, 14 Fog Lane, Didsbury, Manchester, 20.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

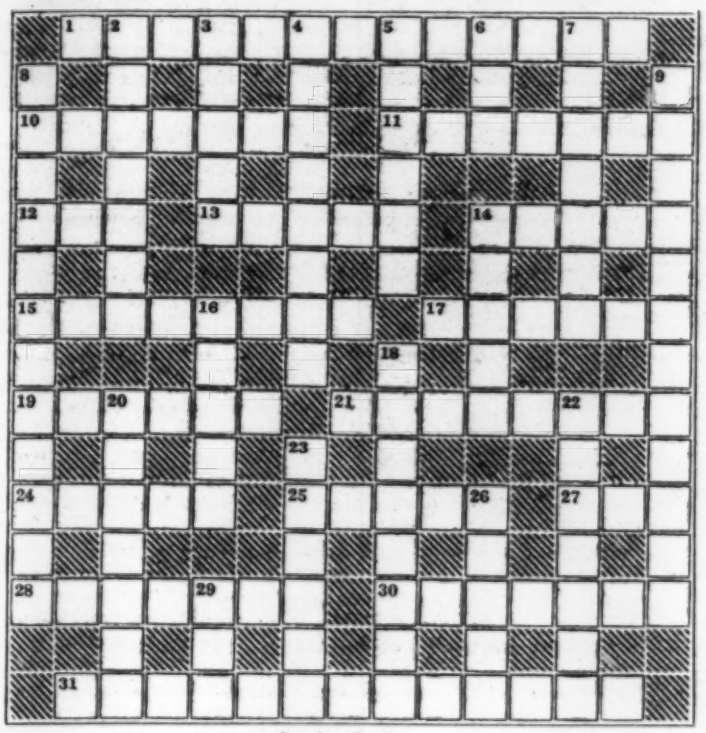
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 423

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Molly Holmes, Taggscroft, Stafford.

ACROSS

1. Where one gets permits for holiday training. (13)
10. A sort of literary cut out. (7)
11. Not "trained" sleepers, as it were. (7)
12. You get this by taking half of it away. (3)
13. Indicates a dramatic appearance. (5)
14. Place where C is pronounced as K. (5)
15. Biblical Bishop beheaded miles away. (8)
17. Where the stars are pictorially represented. (6)
19. He may have a job parking. (6)
21. No doubt it rings electrically at the White City. (8)
24. Consumers of it developed staying ability. (5)
25. Indeed when I left it got disorganised. (5)
27. Less noise or light. (3)
28. Gardeners' graves. (7)
30. Prepares for a water course (7)
31. Stuff with black and white lines (13)

DOWN

2. Result of fine holiday weather? (7)
3. The Queen beats such a villain. (5)
4. A short it seems. (8)
5. Taken on entering church. (6)
6. The fliers climb up a long way. (3)
7. One has no option but to weather it. (7)
8. No doubt much 31 has for the holiday (12)
9. Town lights in Berks. (12)
14. Revolution that gets you somewhere. (5)
16. Speed up. (5)
18. Visionary result of being caught napping perhaps. (8)
20. By whom musicians were a-mused. (7)
22. Lastly also ran as the Cockney might say. (7)
23. Why it answers. (6)
26. A discreditable entry. (5)
29. The man whom St. Paul put off. (3)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	U	M	M	E	R	T	I	M	E	■	W	A	S	H
A	■	I	■	R	■	I	■	U	■	M	■	L	■	I
L	I	N	D	R	U	M	■	S	H	I	N	I	N	G
T	■	C	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	E	■	H
■	D	E	E	R	■	P	O	T	P	L	A	N	T	S
C	■	M	■	■	I	■	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	T
O	N	E	T	I	M	E	■	M	E	A	N	D	E	R
U	■	A	■	N	■	C	■	I	■	C	■	R	■	E
R	E	T	I	C	L	E	■	L	E	E	S	I	D	E
T	■	■	■	H	■	■	■	K	■	■	■	V	■	T
C	A	K	E	C	R	U	M	B	■	B	E	E	R	■
A	■	E	■	A	■	N	■	O	■	E	■	D	■	L
R	E	M	I	P	E	D	■	A	L	L	G	O	N	E
D	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	R	■	O	■	W	■	G
S	A	L	E	■	T	R	A	D	E	W	I	N	D	S

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

ROOSEVELT AND WALL STREET—TRAMP SHIPPING—MOTOR INDUSTRY SLUMP

THE technical recovery in stock markets advanced a stage further this week under the surprising lead of Wall Street. Two remarkable developments were responsible for the change in American sentiment. First, there was the defeat of the President in the House of Representatives on the Reorganisation of Government Bill. The fact that the Senate had already defied the President by voting for the abolition of the Undistributed Profits Tax and for the drastic amendment of the Capital Gains Tax gave additional point to Mr. Roosevelt's defeat on this "prestige" measure Secondly, there was the President's plan for "pump priming" to the amount of $1,500 millions. The "pump-priming" proposals take the form of non-interest bearing loans to States and cities to be used for housing schemes and public works, which the President hopes will be in operation before the end of July. The market immediately talked again of inflation, but the first development is, I think, more important as a market factor than the second. There will be no restoration of business confidence in America until Mr. Roosevelt has lost his majority in Congress and is not in the running for the 1940 Presidential elections. Wall Street does not wish the President to recover his power by wholesale Government spending on the eve of the elections. In fact, I doubt whether pump priming, as long as Mr. Roosevelt holds the reins of power, can really help business confidence at all. At best this inflationary spending will be regarded as a palliative and not as a real economic solution of the depression : at worst it will be regarded as a form of gigantic Government bribery, which may conceivably set up new maladjustments like those which contributed to the present collapse. However, Wall Street is beginning to recognise with satisfaction that Congress is becoming independent of the President and is anxious to lend a sympathetic ear to business interests. The President's message to Congress on the provision for distressed railroads showed that he had learnt the lesson of his recent defeats, for the message contained no specific proposals but merely passed on recommendations of the Inter-State Commerce Commission on railroad reform. I do not anticipate a runaway market in Wall Street. While it lasted, however, the recovery was meteoric. On April 7th the Dow Jones Index of industrial shares stood at 105.4 and on April 9th it was 115.3. The pace was too hot to last. In London so far the technical recovery has held. The prices of the leading industrial shares have recovered to the pre-Austrian crisis level and in some cases have even gone beyond. I would repeat that I can only regard this recovery as technical and would not advise my readers to run after it.

* * *

The draft scheme for a tramp shipping compensation pool prepared by the Tramp Shipping Advisory Committee is an attempt to import some measure of stability into an industry exposed to extreme fluctuations of fortune. Since last September whole-cargo freights, as measured by the *Economist's* index number, have fallen by 32 per cent., and shipping shares (whose sale I advised early last autumn) have slumped.

	High Price, 1937.	Present Price.	Div. %	Yield. %
Furness Withy £1 ..	31/6	18/6	3	£3 5 0
Royal Mail Lines £1 ..	32/4½	18/3xd	5	5 9 6
Union Castle £1	22/4½	14/–	Nil	—
King Line £1	26/4½	19/–	8	8 8 6
Court Line 6/8	30/–	16/–	25	10 8 3
France Fenwick £1 ..	35/9	23/3	10	8 12 0

On their present yield Furness Withy seem to me fully valued, and I am not enamoured of Royal Mail. Of the sextet the three tramp companies offer greater scope for ultimate appreciation. Yields have now risen to an attractive level ; and it is arguable that the fall in Court Line shares, in particular, has been overdone. At the same time, the general outlook for sea-borne trade is not propitious, and the prospects in the South American market—on which tramp shipping largely depends—are far from bright. Freights are still about 40 per cent. higher than in the 1931–34 shipping depression ; but there have been considerable increases in labour and fuel costs. If tramp rates decline much further, profit margins will be temporarily obliterated. The investment merits of cargo shipping shares turn, therefore, to a great extent on the reception of the compensation plan. The principles of the scheme are the formation of an association (which must, of course, be international in scope to be effective), the members of which would pay into a pool a percentage of all freights received. Out of the pool an agreed allowance would be paid to owners of all ships laid up, thus providing an inducement to refuse unprofitable charters. It is estimated that, if not more than 10 per cent. of British tramp shipping were laid up, a contribution of 1 per cent. on gross freights (or 1½ per cent. on time-charter rates) would provide compensation at the rate of 12*s.* 3*d.* per gross ton per annum. If accepted by the industry, the scheme will have the advantage of being launched at a time when unemployed tonnage has not yet reached unwieldy dimensions ; but tramp shipowners are an individualistic crowd, whose adhesion to a voluntary plan may be difficult to secure.

* * *

Tramp shipping is not the only British industry in trouble. Signs of a serious set-back are accumulating fast, *pace* the optimistic speech last week of the F.B.I.'s retiring President, Lord Hirst. Not merely are the textile trades—cotton, wool and jute—all in a state of acute slump. Coal-mining order books are being depleted ; the tinplate industry is now operating at only 45 per cent. of capacity ; and something like a crisis is developing in the motor industry. Having closely approached saturation point, so far as untapped new purchasers of cars are concerned, the industry from now onwards was bound to rely in the main on replacement demand ; and this demand can be so easily deferred that it is highly vulnerable to uncertainty—political or economic. It is feared lest new hire-purchase contracts may prove a millstone, rather than the relatively small price increases for 1938 models, which has beyond doubt caused the present slump in car purchases. The pedigree cars—Rolls, Bentley, Lagonda, A.C., etc.—still find buyers ; but the mass-production programmes (with the possible exception of Triumph Motors) are in a bad way. The roads will be congested this week-end, I have no doubt, but not with new cars. If Sir John Simon increases the petrol or H.P. taxes, he will have Coventry and Birmingham at his throat.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT towards world religion and world brotherhood. Meetings on Sundays at 11 a.m., at Lindsay Hall, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, W.8. Leader: Rev. WILL HAYES. April 17th: "THE TREE OF LIFE."

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, April 17th, at 11, MR. BLACKHAM: "ETERNAL LIFE." 7 p.m., MR. HARVEY-JAMES: "FACETS OF TRUTH."

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, 13 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. Consultations 1l.; Library books 2d.; Catalogue 6d. Open Mondays 7–9 p.m. Visitors welcomed.

A.I.A. Further discussion on REALISM. Opener: QUENTIN BELL. Wed., April 20th, 8.15 p.m. 9 Great Newport St., W.C.2.

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